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CURRENT ANECDOTES

A Preacher's Magazine of Illustrations, Homiletics, Sermons and Methods of Church Work.

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FRESH ARROWS FROM MANY QUIVERS.

From LOUIS ALBERT BANKS' latest book of illustrations "GREAT ARCHERS AND THEIR WEAPONS." Copyrighted 1903.—See page 4.

FORGIVE AND FORGET. (1)

Heb. 10: 17; Jer. 31: 34; Psa. 103: 12.

We often hear people say "I will forgive it, but I never can forget it." All such forgiveness is false. There really is no forgiving without forgetting. Here is a little story which illustrates very well:

"I am sorry to see that you and Hal are not as good friends as you used to be," said George Hartwell's father to the young lad one day. "Have you quarreled?"

"Not exactly, but he treated me in a mean, shabby way a while ago, and we've never been as good friends since."

"Wasn't he sorry afterward? Did he never ask your pardon? I thought Hal was unusually ready to acknowledge himself in fault."

"Oh, he said he was sorry, and he did ask my pardon."

"You surely did not refuse it?"

"Of course not, father, but then I can't forget, you know."

"The same old story, my son," said the father gravely. "What is pardon worth that still keeps the offence in angry remembrance?"

"Well," said George, excusingly, not answering the question, but making an objection, "it is very hard to forget."

RESPONDED TO A TRUE NOTE. (2)

1 Kings 19: 12, 13.

In a court of justice a number of violins were lying on a table. The ownership of one of them was in question. It did not differ in appearance from the others, but one witness said he would know it among a thousand. "I would know it," he said, "even if I were blind." "How?" asked the astonished judge. "By its voice," replied the old man. "It would speak to me as no other violin can speak. It is speaking to me now." And, listening, he bent low until his ear almost touched the instrument, and he grasped another that lay beside it, and with his right hand, swung the bow across the strings. A low, deep, throbbing, pulsing note broke the stillness of the court room. When it ceased, with hand uplifted, and with bow pointing to the table where the other instruments still lay, the old player waited expectantly. Across the room, faint, yet clearly audible, came the sweet, low, throbbing note, yet far richer, sweeter, and purer, as though some celestial master-player had swept the strings. "That," said the old man, "was the voice of the violin. It has a soul, and it has speech. But a false note, rude sounds, or mere discord will not open its lips. So whenever I strike a true note, if the old violin be in the room, or near at hand, it will always answer." So there are in our hearts some rare hidden qualities, that do not appear on the surface. From them comes to the listening ear words like the music of the spheres. It is their delicately attuned souls responding to the divine call.

THE READER'S PRAYER. (3)

1 Tim. 4: 13; 1 Tim. 6: 20; Acts 8: 30.

Charles Lamb once said that he felt more like saying grace before a good book than before meat. H. H. Barstow, receiving his suggestion from Dr. Henry Van Dyke's "Writer's Prayer," in the Ruling Passion, gives us a suggestive "Reader's Prayer:"

Lord, let me never slight the meaning nor the moral of anything I read. Make me respect my mind so much that I dare not read what has no meaning nor moral. Help me choose with equal care my friends and my books, because they are both for life. Show me that as in a river, so in reading, the depths hold more of strength and beauty than the shallows. Teach me to value art without being blind to thought. Keep me from caring more for much reading than for careful reading, for books than the Book. Give me an ideal that will let me read only the best, and when that is done stop me, repay me with power to teach others, and then help me to say from a disciplined mind, a grateful Amen.

THE DEVIL AS A BLACKSMITH. (4)

1 Pet. 5: 8, 9; James 1: 2-4; Heb. 2: 18.

The Rev. Samuel Chadwick, one of the brightest of the English preachers, has a new suggestion on the uses of Satan in this world which he illustrates by the following anecdote:

"I have seen a blacksmith stand on one side of his anvil, while the striker with sledge-hammer stood on the other. The blacksmith would turn the iron over and over and touch it here and there with his little hammer, and the heavy blows of the striker would mold and shape it to his will. But I could never see the object of the little hammer until I one day asked a blacksmith, and he told me that with this small hammer he directed the blows of the striker, touching the iron to show where the blow was to fall. God uses the devil to hammer the saints into shape, and makes him sweat to perfect the saints for glory. Instead of murmuring and complaining at our trials and temptations we should thank God for them, for they are the necessary means for our perfecting."

LIGHT FROM ABOVE. (5)

James 1: 17; 2 Pet. 1: 19; John 8: 12.

At the completion of one of the Amherst College Buildings, when President Hitchcock first assembled his geology class in a new recitation room with sky windows, this was his introduction to one of his best lectures: "Young gentlemen, all the light we have here comes from above."

THE GLORY OF THE HUMBLE. (6)

Prov. 31: 10; Prov. 31: 28-31.

Charles M. Sheldon writes of a woman of his acquaintance as follows:

"She was just an ordinary woman, without much leisure or time for culture. She did not know the difference between an Ionic and a Doric column in architecture, and she was not 'up' on china-painting or the Roman emperors. But she brought up three children to tell the truth, to love God, to love their brothers, and to do honest labor with their hands and not be ashamed of it. When she died the papers did not notice it, but the Recording Angel said, as he reached for a fresh pen and turned over to a clean page: 'A queen is coming; get her throne ready.'" Who of us does not know of more than one queen like that?

CHRIST'S COMPASSION.

Isa. 42: 3; Heb. 2: 16; Heb. 4: 15. (7)

Rev. Campbell Morgan tells two Bible stories in this picturesque way: Two men in the life of Jesus came to Him—and one never can read the story of either without feeling how poor was the faith of each.

One said: "Lord if thou wilt, thou canst." Don't you see, he wasn't perfectly sure that the Master was willing, but he ventured on Him. He came to him on a crutch, because he could not walk straight, and the crutch was a little "if"—"if thou wilt."

The other had to get another crutch, a crutch for the other side, and he said: "If thou canst do something for my boy, do it." And how did the Master deal with this man? Did He say, "No, I cannot help you; your faith is not strong enough; you haven't confidence enough"? Not He. If a man got to Him, He didn't care. It is better for a man to come with, "Lord, thou canst," "thou wilt," and "I believe"; but if you cannot come that way, come the other way. Come with your "if." "Lord, if thou canst make me clean, do it; only I come to thee."

AN ARTIST'S CONVERSION.

Ezek. 34: 12; Luke 19: 10; Luke 15: 4. (8)

The Bishop of Uganda was at one time a young artist. He was engaged in painting a picture, which he hoped would find a place in the Academy. It was the figure of a lovely woman struggling up a street in a wild, stormy night, the sleet driven by the wind into her face, a little baby at her bosom. And doors and windows were shut in her face. The picture was called "Homeless." As the man painted it and the artist's imagination filled his soul, it seemed to come to him as a living reality, and he put his brush down and said, "God help me! Why don't I go to lost people themselves instead of painting pictures of them?" Then and there he consecrated himself to God. He went to Oxford University, and in due course he entered the ministry.

After working in the slums of two of our cities, the conviction came to him that he ought to go to that part of the world where men seemed to be most lost. He came to the conclusion that East Africa was the place where he was most wanted. One day there came a message from the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, asking whether he would be willing to be the leader of a party that was to go to Uganda.

In due course he was consecrated Bishop, and he has brought to his high post rare gifts of administration, and an enthusiastic love of souls.

HOW ONE MAN SAVED SIX HUNDRED.

Acts 20: 20; Acts 21: 13. (9)

Before the negro slaves in the British West Indies were emancipated, a regiment of soldiers were stationed near one of the plantations. A soldier offered to teach a slave to read, on condition that he would teach a second and a third, and so on. This he faithfully carried out, though severely flogged by the master of the plantation. Being sent to another plantation, he repeated the same there, and when at length liberty was proclaimed throughout the island, and the Bible Society offered a New Testament to every negro who could read, it was found that the number taught through this one man's instrumentality was no less than six hundred.

THE RECEPTION INTO HEAVEN.

Rev. 7: 13-16; Rev. 22: 14. (10)

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman has this introduction in his sermon on "The Twelve Gates":

When La Fayette last visited this country the people gave him a royal reception. A fleet of vessels went out to meet him, the band played "Hail to the Chief," and the national

music of France, and it is told that he was unmoved.

As he came ashore land and water trembled with the power of artillery. Old soldiers saluted him as they shouted his welcome, and he was still unmoved. With waving banners and under triumphal arches he was taken to Castle Garden, where most of the great men of the nation were gathered together to give him greeting, and he was still not moved. But when he had taken his seat in the great amphitheater, and when the curtain was lifted he saw before him a perfect representation of the place in France where he was born and brought up, and when he saw the old home so filled with tender memories, the home where his father and mother had lived and died, it is said that the great man was touched, and bowing his face in his hands he wept like a child. If I could only draw aside the veil which separates the seen from the unseen, so that you could behold that city which hath foundations, there would be no need for me to preach, for in the very thought of heaven you would be almost overwhelmed.

WALKING BY FAITH.

1 Cor. 2: 10-13; Heb. 11: 1; Heb. 11: 13. (11)

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis opens a sermon on "The Pathos of God's Love" with this illustration:

Helen Kellar, blind, deaf, and dumb, is now publishing her biography. Thanks to her wise teacher, the girl has at last escaped from her dungeon. For many years her spirit was buried alive, entombed, not in stone, but in flesh. The body was a living sepulchre, with opaque walls that shut her spirit in. During those awful years she ate, she slept, she wakened—no more. From time to time she made signals, but no answer came from without. From time to time she thought she detected signals coming in to her, but she knew not how to interpret them.

At last, in the Providence of God, little Helen Kellar was placed in the charge of a teacher unique for skill. When the child was hungry he gave her the orange. Then putting his fingers on her throat, and putting her fingers on his throat, he spelled out the word. When the child was thirsty he gave her drink and then with the fingers of the one on the throat of the other he spelled out the word water. When the child fell, bruising herself, with his fingers he sent this dispatch, "I love you," and quickly with her fingers on his throat, the child spelled back her answer, "And I love you."

Then later, Helen Kellar passed into the charge of a lady, to whose wisdom and instruction the whole world owes a debt. One day she told Helen Kellar through her fingers that there was a nerve in the ear for hearing, but that something had deadened her nerve in infancy. That, although all seemed silent to her, yet there were soldiers marching through the streets, keeping step to the sound of martial music.

Because your optic nerve is dead, you must not be sceptical about the great realm of sight and color; and because your auditory nerve is paralyzed, you must not say there is no realm of sound. And the child answered, "I understand, and I believe." One day the friend brought Phillips Brooks, the great teacher, to her. And through her teacher, Phillips Brooks told Helen Kellar that God was very near to her, her Father Unseen, who loved her, and would never let go of her hand, either in life or in death. And the child answered: "I have often felt Him. He comes like warmth, but I did not know before what to call Him." And from that day the girl went swiftly from one realm of knowledge to another realm. She passed from kingdom to kingdom. Her tomb began to enlarge. Great windows were opened up. At last she walked forth, free, she understood the signals from without; she answered these signals from within. For a long time she knew only in part; she saw, as it were, through a glass darkly. But she believes now in the great realm where sweet sounds dwell, in the upper realm where wondrous sights called clouds and mountains and stars are. Now from the view-point of her experience, I will ask Helen Kellar to read the text: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"KEEP THY HEART."

Prov. 4: 23; Phil. 3: 13; Matt. 6: 21. (12)

Dr. Wayland Hoyt tells the story of a godless sea captain who sailed into a mission station on the Pacific, and the missionary sought speech with him on religious subjects. The captain answered: "I came away from Nantucket after whales. I have sailed round Cape Horn for whales. I am now up in the North Pacific Ocean after whales. I fear your labor would be entirely lost upon me, and I ought to be honest with you. I care for nothing by day but whales, and I dream of nothing by night but whales. If you should open my heart, I think you would find the shape of a small sperm whale there." That sea captain's life was as his heart was.

SHE WAS SO PLEASANT.

Prov. 16: 24; Prov. 19: 22; 1 Pet. 3: 8. (13)

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, once related a little incident as occurring in his own life, which had no little effect on him: "Many years ago," he says, "in walking among the graves at Mount Auburn, I came upon a plain white marble slab which bore an epitaph of only four words, but to my mind they meant more than any of the labored descriptions on other monuments: 'She was so pleasant.' That one note revealed the music of a life of which I knew nothing more."

THE VALUE OF A SOUL.

Mark 4: 8; Mark 4: 26, 27; Mark 4: 31, 32. (14)

Rev. F. B. Meyer has this strong paragraph, with its two striking illustrations concerning the wisdom of winning souls as an investment of energy.

It is a wise thing to win a soul, because of the rapidity with which soul-saving accumulates. Sow a seed in the ground, and it will bear thirty; each of those will bear thirty; and each of those, thirty; so that in three generations you can almost count a million. It is

impossible to estimate the result of the winning of one soul. The immediate outcome may be but a struggling blade or ear, but ultimately from the full corn in the ear, when sown again in other souls, will come harvests that shall shake like Lebanon.

There was a year in the little church at Blantyre when but one convert was welcomed to the Lord's table, but that lad was David Livingstone, and as he was sown in the soil of his much loved Africa, he has become the seed germ of that mighty ingathering of souls which is being garnered into the heavenly store-house.

A young Sunday School teacher, a poor seamstress, one Sunday gave to a rough street arab a shilling to induce him to go to a Sunday School. That boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, went to work as a missionary among the Telugus, and after twenty-five years ten thousand converts were won in a single year.

There is no work so enormously productive of good results as the turning of a sinner from the error of his ways and winning one soul for God.

A SPANISH WOMAN'S CONVERSION.

Ezek. 36: 26; Ezek. 11: 19, 20. (15)

E. J. Clemens of Scotland tells this story: Pilar was a Spanish Guarani woman between thirty and forty years of age, who had been employed as a general servant in my home about three months.

She could not read, and knew very few words of any language except her native Guarani. That is the original language of the Indians in that part of South America.

Although her means of gaining knowledge and her ability to grasp new thoughts were extremely limited, she took great interest in my explanations of God's love, and soon began to ply me with questions. At last she asked how God converted a soul, how He changed the heart.

I told her I did not know how He changed the heart of anyone, not even my own, but that He knew how, and would change hers for her and fill it with love to Him if she would let Him.

A few days afterward I found her sitting in the patio with her head leaned back against the wall and her eyes closed. Thinking she probably had a headache, I asked whether she were sick.

"O, no, senora, I am just letting God change my heart."

THE VICTORY OF THE CHILDREN.

Isa. 11: 6; Matt. 18: 5; Mark 10: 15. (16)

A curious and pretty custom is observed every year in the city of Hamburg to celebrate a famous victory which was won by little children more than four hundred years ago. In one of the numerous sieges Hamburg was reduced to the last extremity, when it was suggested that all the children should be sent out unprotected into the camp of the besiegers as the mute appeal for mercy of the helpless and the innocent. This was done. The rough soldiery of the investing army saw with amazement, and then with pity, a long procession of little ones, clad in white, come out of the city and march boldly into their camp.

The sight melted their hearts. They threw down their arms, and, plucking branches of fruit from the neighboring cherry orchards, they gave them to the children to take back to the city as a token of peace. This was a great victory, which has ever since been commemorated at Hamburg by a procession of boys and girls dressed in white, and carrying branches of the cherry tree in their hands.

FILL THE PIT OR SELL THE ASS.

Job. 11: 14; Ps. 34: 14. (17)

A devout Christian man was once urged by his employer to work on Sunday. "Does not your Bible say that if your ass falls into a pit on the Sabbath you may pull him out?" "Yes," replied the other, "but if the ass had the habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath, I would either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

WHEN COOPER AND LANDSEER PRAYED TOGETHER. (18)

Matt. 18: 19; Ps. 18: 6; Ps. 50: 15; Ps. 106: 44.

On one occasion Sir Edwin Landseer was in great trouble and went to Henry Graves to chat the matter over with him. But the efforts of Graves to give a little comforting advice to the artist were unsuccessful. "Don't think me unkind, Graves," said Sir Edwin, "but I am none the happier for this long chat with you. I think I will go and have a talk with Cooper." So to Thomas Sidney Cooper the great animal painter went. Landseer stated his case. "We shan't be disturbed," said Cooper, "and I think I can put you in the way of getting the very advice and help you want." Cooper placed his hand on Landseer's shoulder. Landseer, who was not of a particularly religious turn of mind, involuntarily did what that touch of the hand seemed to suggest. Together these two great artists knelt down in prayer, and remained on their knees for some time. And when they got up Landseer held out his hand to Cooper and said, "Cooper, you have put me in the way of getting, yes, and obtaining the very comfort that I stood so much in need of. God bless you!"

THE GOLDEN RULE. (19)

1 Cor. 10: 24; Rom. 15: 1; Ex. 32: 32; Phil. 2: 4.

Former Minister Wu, writing in one of our magazines, points out the tremendous difference between the "Golden Rule," as given by Confucius and Christ. Quoting the word of Jesus, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them," Mr. Wu comments: "The command is positive and in some respects aggressive. It requires something to be done." Then turning to the Confucian precept, "Do not do to others what you do not wish others to do to you," he says: "Non-interference with other people's affairs is the keynote of this injunction." That is to say, the divergence between these two utterances is inherently the divergence between the out-looking life and the in-looking life, between altruism and selfishness. And that divergence culminates in a separation as wide as the span of the poles.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT SERMONS.

Preached by REV. JOHN ROBERTSON, D. D., City Temple, Glasgow; and editor of the Christian Scotsman.

[This is one new feature in the Illustrating Department. The illustrations will in most cases be from different preachers, and not from one, as in this number.—Ed.]

THE POPE'S INSTALLATION.

Isa. 40: 6, 7; Isa. 1: 10, 11; 1 John 2: 17. (20)

In the gorgeous ritual that precedes the installation and enthronement of the newly appointed Pope, in St. Peter's at Rome, this takes place, which should preach a wonderful sermon to the eyes and ears of those present. When the wall that had closed the entrance to the sacred college where the cardinals had been electing a Pope has been broken down, at the given signal of decision come to by the cardinals, and the voice of the clerk of the college has been heard proclaiming the name of him who is to be the new Pope, a procession is formed to St. Peter's. As they, with all the splendor of the ecclesiastical vestments upon them, pass up the great aisle of that greatest of cathedrals to the throne beside the altar, there is a sudden pause in the procession, and in the hush that has fallen on the throng, a priest appears in front of the new Pope, holding in his left hand a long reed, upon the top of which there is a loose trailing bundle of flax. A lighted taper in the priest's hand is applied to the fluffy ends of the flax, which gives a sudden flare of flame and light, and in a moment the ashes fall at the feet of the supreme pontiff. Then the priest's sonorous voice chants out, in Latin, "Holy Father, thus passes away the glory of the world." Another bundle of flax is quickly fixed on the reed, another flash, and the ashes fall again, and again the slow, solemn chant, "Holy Father, thus passes away the glory of the world." For a third time the flash, the flame, and the chant and the Pope goes on his throne. The swiftly burning flax is a powerful symbol of the transitoriness of earthly glory. The goodliness of the flesh is, indeed, the withering grass and the fading flower. Eternity is the only reality; all else is a dream. The great rising tide of eternity is swiftly covering every visible peak of time.

THE WHITENESS OF THE BLOOD.

Isa. 1: 18; Rev. 7: 14. (21)

You see that old black smoking iron boiler in the street where the laborers are repairing the roadway? The fumes are horrible, sickening, and you hold your nose as you hurry past. Look at what the dirty tank contains! They are ladling it out before you. O, what ugly, thick, black, vile, ill-smelling stuff! It is coal tar. Of this crude tar one hundred and twenty million gallons the gas companies of Great Britain, in their manufacture of the illuminant, have to dispose of every year. Dirty, sticky, common refuse like this—what can be done with it? It is exactly from this waste product, this viscid, unpromising stuff, that are brought brilliant dyes, celestial creations of colors. Indeed, it is so. In 1825, the oil of benzine was discovered, and from benzine was extracted by skillful chemistry, in 1856, the famous "coal tar" or "aniline" colors. These coal tar products, with their intense power of coloring—one part of crimson in a million parts of water being yet vivid—have closed half the old vegetable dyers' shops in the Orient. That ugly, disgusting tar boiler has sent blue, blue enough to match an Italian sky, to indigo growing India; crimson, crimson enough to make the roses blush, to cochineal producing Mexico; tints, in number and shade daily increasing, to oust from their old place the quercitron and safflower of China and Japan and the gay tropical climes of the ancient. Wonderful transformation by human chemistry from ugly coal tar! Not so wonderful, though, as the transformation by Divine grace from the ruin and refuse of the fall of man. What whiteness can be whiter than the white from the washing in the blood of the Lamb?

THE SPEAKING SKULL.

Psalm 9: 17; 2 Thess. 1: 8. (22)

An old legend tells that Saint Macarius of Alexandra, who dwelt among the tombs, one day took up a ghastly, grinning skull, and looked at it, and said to it:

"Who are you?"

The skull took a voice, and replied:

"I am a Pagan."

Again the saint looked at it, and asked a further question:

"Where are you?"

Came the reply: "In hell."

"How deep is hell?" went on the saint.

"Deeper than earth is from heaven."

"Are there any deeper in hell than you?"

"Yes," said the skull, "the Jews are deeper in hell than I am."

"Are there any deeper in hell than the Jews?"

"Yes," said the skull: "there is a deeper depth yet. There are those that listened to the Gospel and obeyed it not."

God save you from the deepest, hottest hell of the rejector of the Gospel of Christ, "who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord."

THE WORD AND THE CROSS.

Ps. 119: 105; Prov. 6: 23; John 14: 6. (23)

Two friends were in earnest conversation as the shadows of evening were rapidly falling in a farmhouse in Scotland. One of them was a Divinity student, the other a young farmer, whose father had recently died. The farmer had been dipping into some kind of shallow infidel books, and had become semi-sceptical about his father's old Bible, because it did not tell him the things he wanted to know: the origin of evil, the beginning of matter; how, indeed, all the universe was made. The Bible said nothing about the great mysteries that throb and burn around our little life. How could it be God's book if it did not reveal to us those great mysterious heights of being; those towering paths of existence? The student has to part from his friend tonight, and they must not talk longer,

so, rising and making his way to the door, accompanied by his friend, he closes the discussion. A dark night it is, and the moor lies between this farmhouse and the student's home. Danger is on the moor in the dark; rifts and ditches, boulders and bogholes. On the hall table there is an old-fashioned farm lantern, which the farmer naturally proceeds to light. He closes the casement with a snap, and is about to hand to his friend as he says goodnight. "No, Jamie, I must refuse to take that lantern of yours."

"Refuse to take the lantern? What do you mean, John? You are crossing the moor, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm crossing the moor; but why should I take that lantern, Jamie? It cannot light up Benachie; it cannot reveal the river Don down there in the valley; it cannot light up the distant landscape. Why, Jamie, ten yards away from it all the land lies in pitch darkness. Why should I take your puny little lantern?"

"But, John," resumed the farmer, wondering what strange mental turn his friend had taken, "this lantern is not for Benachie, or the river, or the distant hills. It is for your road across the moor. It will light you home."

"Then, indeed, Jamie, if your lantern be for my road across the moor, and if it will light me home, I should be a fool not to take it. Give it me, for I'll need it this dark night. But, man, listen: The Bible is not for the great peaks of the mysteries of the universe. It is not for the distant fields of creation and existence. I'm waiting for the morning when I'll see them all in the sunshine of the Resurrection, but, meanwhile, for this road home across the moor of earth, for the path through the darkness of human sin and sorrow, God has given us the sufficient lantern of His Holy Word, Jamie. Don't be so follish as to reject God's Bible. It will light you home, man; it will light you home."

Jamie pondered long and late that night. He opened his father's Bible; he took God's lantern; walked in its light; he came to the Cross, he met and accepted the Savior.

DISQUIETING THE DEAD.

1 Sam. 28: 15; Deut. 18: 11. (25)

To meddle with the walls of separation that God has built is a wrong and sinful thing. We have no business but in our own world. This dabbling in spiritualism and communication with the departed is nothing more than folly. It is unlawful, and has all the consequences of a broken law. There was an old Scotch body, who was sitting by the deathbed of her only son. Trying to comfort the grieving mother, the dying boy said:

"Mother, if so be it's permitted, I will come from the dead to see thee."

"Na, na, lad," she exclaimed, "keep to your ain side."

It was a wise injunction. Keep to your own side.

AN ANALYSIS OF LONDON MUD.

1 Cor. 6: 11; Rev. 5: 9. (26)

John Ruskin was one day walking along the streets of London. The weather had been very wet, and the mud was plentiful and most sticky. The thought occurred to him that he would have the mud analyzed to find out exactly the inorganic elements in it. This was accordingly done, and the London mud was found to consist of sand, clay, soot and water. Musing upon that fact, it struck him that these are the very substances from which our precious jewels and gems are formed. From the sand or silica come the onyx, chrysolite, agate, beryl, cornelian, calcedony, Jasper, sardine, amethyst; from the clay come the sapphire, ruby, emerald, topaz; and from the soot is formed the diamond. London mud composed of priceless jewels! Man cannot transform the mud into those glittering points of light, but God transforms and recreates the mud of depraved humanity into the glory of redeemed and beautiful souls that sing the new song, saying, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth."

CASHING THE PROMISES.

Ps. 77: 8; 1 Cor. 1: 20; 2 Pet. 1: 4. (27)

Long years after the United States of America had won their freedom, an aged Indian, half naked and famished, wandered into one of the western settlements of "pale faces" begging for food to keep him from starving. He was eagerly devouring the bread a kind hand had given him, when there was noticed round his neck a bright colored ribbon, from which hung a small dirty pouch. The poor old redskin was questioned as to what it was, and he stated that it was a charm given to him in his young days after he had been fighting for the United States. The giver of the bread asked to see it, whereupon the old Indian handed it over. On opening the pouch there was a faded greasy paper. And what was it? It was a regular discharge from the army, entitling the Indian to a good pension for life, and signed by George Washington himself. Now, here was a document that would have been easily turned into plenty of food and shelter all his days if, with that honored name at the foot of it, the starving possessor had only known to present it in the right place. With all that really belonging to him, there he was, old and uncared for, fainting from hunger. Have we cashed all the promises that our Lord has gifted to us? Nay, verily. We are poor when we might be rich, weak when we might be strong, sinful when we might be holy. See that you cash your promises, and know the things that have been freely given to you of God, and get them. Get them.

THE MEANNESS OF THE DEVIL.

Matt. 4: 1. (28)

The word "devil" means "accuser," "calumniator," "tempter." The hater of God has no honor in him: he is a devilish devil. Many a man, struggling after the noble remnant in his nature, will say: "I will not hit a foe when he is down." In one of the old naval battles with France, an English captain who had lost his arm was about to be hewn down by the cutlass of a Frenchman, when the

wielder of the cutlass saw that his opponent had only one arm. With the chivalrous honor of France he brought it not down, but saluted and permitted the wounded English officer to pass. But the devil will not do such a thing. He will look for your prostrate and weak moments in which to strike you, as he waited for the time of fasting and the hungering and the fainting, to leap upon your Lord. He is Diabolus—the devil.

FORBIDDEN ADDITION. (29)

Deut. 4: 2; Rev. 22: 18.

Are our own thoughts to be added to God's book? Are we just to accept it without questioning, without reasoning and debating? You cannot help the sun with a little farthing candle. Away in the north of Scotland a long mineral train, on a steep grade, was found to be too heavy for the engine, and it stuck. They wired to the next station for another engine to come. It thundered along. Puff, puff, went the engine in front; puff, puff, went the engine in the rear, but the long line of heavily laden cars refused to move up the slope. A little boy among the knot of people that were looking on from the window of a house overlooking the railroad, would fain solve the problem, and said:

"Papa, don't you think I should lend them my rocking-horse?"

So foolish men, who think the old-fashioned Bible has stuck, offer the help of their little apologetic rocking-horse. The Bible has its own witness in the Holy Ghost.

UNSPOKEN PRAYER ANSWERED.

Ps. 10: 17; John 9: 1. (30)

Going home one day, from King's College in Aberdeen, I witnessed the answering of an unspoken prayer like this blind man's to Jesus. It was the intersection of four busy thoroughfares. A poor man, evidently deaf and dumb, stood on the curb, with a look of beseeching on his face turned to the stream of passersby, and, spelling out on his fingers, in a way of those so afflicted, some eager request. I stood and watched to see who among the throngs would answer the unspoken prayer of this dumb man. For a moment I was sorry that, in addition to the digging away at the Latin and Greek roots, I had not acquired a knowledge of the sign language of deaf mutes. Who will answer? I saw the pitying business men look at him, shake their heads, and hurry on. At last out from the stream there stepped a young lady, and stood beside the dumb petitioner, as he fingered out his anxious question. How did that young maiden know the language of the dumb? I never saw that mentioned among the accomplishments of a young ladies' school. Did God tie the tongue of thy little brother at home that thou mightest get up the speech of the tongue tied, and help him in his sad solitude? It must have been something like that that had given it to her. She seemed like an angel of mercy who could understand and answer the prayer that ordinary mortals know nothing about. The poor man fingers it out, and the same look of beseeching is lifted to her face. Rapidly on her skillful fingers she answers him. Then another question, and she answers, another and another, and relief and thankfulness take the place of anxiety in the man's face, and, with a smile and a light heart for it, I should say, she enters the stream and is lost to view. With satisfied assurance and answered prayer the man, too, goes his way. Looking at these rolling, sightless eyeballs, by the wayside, who can answer that unspoken cry? Jesus. Who will step out to answer, and can answer, that dumb agonizing prayer? Jesus will. He can. He does.

REPENTANCE AND PENANCE.

Matt. 26: 75; 27: 5; Acts 11: 18 (32)

What is repentance unto life? "Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth, with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and endeavor after, new obedience." That is the definition in the shorter catechism. Repentance unto life is the pack twine that ties up God's gift of saving faith. You do not get saving faith without getting repentance unto life, for the two are interwoven and inseparable. As Boston says: "The heart that is broken for sin in Evangelical repentance is never healed till the band of glory be put round it." God breaks down and God binds up. If you turn to the Catholic Donay version of the Bible, you will see that in it, in the very place where "repentance" is the correct rendering, they have substituted the word "penance." And what is the difference? The difference was well expressed by the wee Scotch lassie, who was a bit of a theologian, too: "Peter did repentance, for he went out and wept bitterly; but Judas did penance, for he went out and hanged himself."

THE THRUST AND THE PARRY.

Eph. 6: 11; Jas. 4: 7; 1 Peter 5: 9. (33)

The word "resist" means in the Greek, to stand up to, to make what the military men would call an offensive movement. So be first in attack on the devil. An old Scotch drill sergeant was training the young men of the village in sword exercises. He kept them thrusting until they thought they had had enough of this particular exercise, and they said to their instructor:

"Now teach us to parry."

"Oh," said the old swordsman, "you must do the thrust and let the enemy do the parry."

To thrust is to parry. Resist the devil and he will flee from you.

THE ANGEL SUBSTITUTE.

John 18: 8. (34)

Christ comes that His disciples may go. He submits to rude hands that His beloved might be spared them. He takes their place alone. The band and the captain and officers of the Jews took Jesus and bound Him, and led Him away. How often He takes our place and bears the brunt to let us escape. There is a beautiful legend of a fair orphan girl, who was left to the charge of the convent, and the Sisters of Mercy brought her up within the walls. She endeared herself to them all by her gentleness and sweetness of nature and her

goodness and purity of life. And in peace and repose of soul the young years went by. But an evil day came when a company of wounded soldiers, who had been fighting their country's battles, were received at the convent to be nursed back to strength. Amongst them is an unscrupulous young officer, who sets himself to play with the young girl's heart, and whispers in her ear glowing stories of the great glad world outside the convent gates. The story is too readily taken in, and the young nun's cheeks burn, and the round of convent duties that used to be lightened by love and hope become a burden to her, for her heart is out in the land of promise beyond the convent walls.

She soon follows her straying heart, for one dark night two figures steal through the convent gardens to the side of the postern, and one of them is she, out into the world at last. A few months, and the wandering heart of the girl is completely disillusioned, and gets bleeding and scarred by falsehood and sorrow. Great longing of soul comes to her for the convent home, and the peace and gladness, and goodness she had there—oh! seeming so long ago. She wept and wept, and one night, after a paroxysm of grief, she resolves to go back. But she will not be admitted now? Well, better to die under the old walls than to live here. So the dark night, like the night she went away, footsore and weary, and sad, she arrived at the convent gate, and, after a minute or two's hesitation, at last rang the bell. Oh, how loud the clang, as the iron tongue seemed to mock the brokenhearted prayer for entrance! The grated door is swung open, and there stands, not one with the stern, forbidding repulse that she feared, but a smiling, welcoming form of wonderful beauty, and a soft light all around the garment of whiteness. She knew it was an angel from heaven, and she bowed low with folded hands upon her agonizing breast. "Come in, come in, and welcome," the angel said; and as she crossed the threshold she noticed, with a start of astonishment, that the angel's face was exactly like her own in every line and look. Then the angel spoke to her, and told her not to fear, and that her flight and absence in the world were unknown to anyone in the convent, that from the moment she had gone away she had, as directed by the Lord himself, taken her place and kept doing her duties and living her life, and the nuns never dreamed it was not she. The homeplace had been kept by the Lord of Love, and we are now at home forever. The Lord stays to be bound, we go free; yes, often, know Him when you see Him and praise Him for it all.

DEPARTING FROM INIQUITY.

2 Tim. 2: 2, 19. (36)

Scipio Africanus, the great Roman general, was respected and beloved by the Roman people for his virtues and valor. He wore a signet ring on which was engraven his own likeness, and this ring at his death passed into the possession of his son, who, so different from his father, was an abandoned and worthless fellow, a depraved and dissolute man. But the bad son would persist in wearing and flaunting everywhere his good father's ring, and would even take it with him into his haunts of vice and dissipation. So the outraged Roman Senate passed a resolution forbidding the son of Scipio Africanus to wear his father's ring in the Senate House. With what the fellow chose to do outside the Senators could not interfere; but in the "solemn assembly" of the Roman Senate off must come the ring. Oh, do not carry the signet ring of redemption by the blood of Christ into the ways of the world and sin. Be out and out for the Lord Jesus in hearty and entire consecration. If you will wander into the by-paths of the devil, for God's sake, off with that ring!

BEYOND THE FLOOD.

Psalm 69: 2. (39)

On Saturday evening, January 3, 1891, John Peddie, who had been ill, but was believed to be getting better, had gone alone to his study to write his sermon, and then to retire for the repose of the night to the room adjoining. His loving and anxious wife before midnight gently opened the door to see if her husband was resting, and was overwhelmed to find him stricken down, unconscious and dying. He never rallied, and passed over the river on the morning of January 5th. The hand of the minister, within a few minutes of his call home, had been tracing the lines of his sermon, and had stopped in the middle of the sentence. He had started up as he heard his Master's call. There on the letter pad he used for the writing of his sermons he had left this unfinished paragraph: "At Manitou Springs we met an old man who for many years had travelled midst Colorado's everlasting hills. Said he: 'When you come to the smallest stream, be sure to pitch your tent on the farthest side, if you would move on in the morning; for the littlest one you could easily step over might soon be changed by mountain storm into raging river, impossible to cross.' With similar facts of nature the author of our text (Ps. 69: 2) had long been familiar. The land where he spent his days was ——," and John Peddie never finished the sentence.

But see that you know, like him, how to pitch your camp on the farther side of the river, that the deep waters of the death storm may not overflow and sweep you away.

SAMPLE COPY.

As a large number of sample copies of this number have been sent out, you, my gentle reader, may not be a regular subscriber to Current Anecdotes, which many say is more than it claims or indicates.

This issue contains 70 illustrations. These printed in book form would cost you fifty cents. It is given to you free and you are at perfect liberty to use these illustrations for a whole year, as many do—but if one copy is worth preserving a whole year, or several months, isn't a year's subscription worth $1.50? If you cannot afford the $1.50, you may get two other preachers to subscribe at $1.50 each, total $3.00, and we will send you a year's subscription free.

EVANGELISTIC SEARCH LIGHTS.

By W. H. Irwin, Evangelist.

[These are the choicest illustrations from a collection of over 200 used by a very successful evangelist.—Ed.]

A TEST OF CONVERSION.

1 John 3:14; Job 19:25; 2 Tim. 1:12. (40)

Some people are born doubters, and some are made so from association and experience. Many real Christians are looking for feelings instead of taking the Lord at His word. We do not find it written, "He that feeleth," but "he that believeth on the Son, hath life." Some people say "well, sometimes I believe I am saved, then again I think I'm not." Suppose that my friend, Dr. Wharton, should say, "Good morning, Brother Irwin," and I should speak up and say, "Hold on, Dr. Wharton, I really don't know whether my name is Irwin or not; sometimes I think I am the son of my father, then I think I am not. I really don't feel that my name is Irwin, at all times." Why, that kind of talk would indicate some doubt as to my sanity; and yet multitudes of Christians talk just as unreasonably as that, when questioned as to their salvation.

Two men are going up a hill, each carrying a sack of sand. There is an unsuspected hole in one sack and the sand is slipping out constantly. The other man has no hole in his sack, and up they climb, both complaining of the weight of their burdens. Jones says to Brown, "Why, Brown, what are you complaining about? There is a hole in your sack, and the sand is nearly all run out." "What! you don't say so," replies Brown. "Well, I really do feel that my burden is lighter, but I did not realize it before." But Jones still groans under his heavy load. At last they are both at their journey's end, and Jones dumps his full sack down, and gives a shout of relief.

It did not matter to either Jones or Brown whether their burdens were dropped all at once, or whether they gradually received the evidence of their relief. But in the case of each, there was a moment when they knew their burdens were gone.

FROZEN TOGETHER. (41)

Amos 6:1; Luke 12:19; Matt. 11:21; Matt. 13:58.

I was invited to conduct an evangelistic meeting in a town in central Iowa some years ago. On being assigned to my temporary home, my hostess said to me, "Well, brother, I am very glad you have come. You probably never labored with a more thoroughly united people than we are." "Well," I said, "I thank the Lord." "O," said she, "Brother I., don't be in a hurry to thank Him, until I tell you how we are so thoroughly united; we are frozen together."

GREAT BELL OF MOSCOW.

2 Cor. 11:13; Matt. 7:15; 1 John 4:1. (42)

It was said that when Napoleon took Moscow, he tried to destroy the great bell. The heaviest sledges were used by the strongest men in his battalions, but they were unable to break it. Finally he ordered his soldiers to pry it up with a lever and assault it from within; they did so, and broke it.

One bad man in the church can do more harm than a legion of infidels can do from without.

MESSAGE AND MAN.

John 1:41; John 1:45; Acts. 9:17. (43)

At the great fire at Chicago in 1871, the firemen were unable to scale the walls of a tall building with their ladders. A fireman had climbed to the top and was still unable to reach the desired point. He cried for a short ladder, which was quickly brought, and then bracing his knees against the wall, he took the short ladder, held it up against the eaves of the building and called for the fireman below to climb up over him.

The gospel message rarely reaches the heart of a man except through the intervention of a friend. Andrew finds Simon, and Philip finds Nathaniel, and so they are brought to Christ.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE AND CYRUS W. FIELD.

Matt. 10:15; Matt. 13:34. (44)

When Cyrus W. Field was trying to arouse the people of America and England to help him in his plan of the Atlantic telegraph, he made a trip to England and visited many of the nobles, but their fox-hounds and the chase were prominent in their minds and the scheme of telegraphy was of little or no concern. At last, Mr. Field ventured to talk with one gentleman upon the Englishman's favorite subject of dogs. Mr. Field said, "Sir, speaking of dogs, you have aroused my interest in the subject, and if you will indulge me, I would like to ask you if you could imagine a dog as large as the House of Parliament?" "Well, indeed, Mr. Field, you really astonish me with such a strange question, but I could imagine a dog as large as that." Mr. F. then said, "Can you imagine a dog as large as London?" The Englishman slowly assented that he could imagine a dog as large as London. Mr. F. said, "Can you imagine a dog as large as England?" That was a poser but at last he said, "Well, I suppose I could imagine a dog that large." Cyrus W. Field said, "Indulge me in one more supposition. Could you imagine a dog as long as from Liverpool to New York?" The gentleman finally agreed. Then, Mr. Field said, "The dog that I am trying to get you interested in, is a dog, that when you pinch his tail in Liverpool, he will bark in New York." From that on Mr. Field had no trouble in arousing England as well as America, finally the Atlantic cable was duly laid connecting the two great countries.

The preacher must talk to men in a language they understand, if he would have them listen to him.

CRITTENDEN DEFENDING POOR MAN. (45)

Luke 6:36; Micah 6:8; Matt. 5:7; Eph. 4:32.

In one of the southern states, it was the misfortune of a poor man to take the life of a planter in self-defense. He was arrested and the day set for the trial. The distinguished orator, John J. Crittenden of Kentucky, volunteered to defend the prisoner and made an eloquent plea for the life of the trembling culprit at the bar.

The great lawyer closed by saying: "Back in eternity, when in the counsels of Infinite Wisdom it was resolved to create man, there were three ministers present, Justice, Truth and Mercy. Justice drew near and said, 'O God, most mighty, make not man, for he will break thy law;' Truth advanced and said 'O God of the universe, make not man, for he will break thy commandments and pollute thy sanctuary;' but Mercy said 'O Lord, most merciful, remember pity, and create man for thine own glory, and if he falls, I will throw the mantle of love over his wounds and save him by my own death, the just for the unjust.'"

The eloquent jurist then said to the jury, "Go, fellow citizens and jurors, and thus deal with thy fellow man."

The prisoner was acquitted.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

Isa. 48:21; Isa. 41:17, 18; Matt. 18:19; 2 Chron. 6:26, 27. (46)

During the war of the rebellion more than thirty thousand union soldiers were held prisoners in the unspeakable loathsomeness of Andersonville stockade. There were scores dying daily, and added to the horrors of starvation, the terrors of thirst seized the boys in blue, and caused them to call an assembly on the north side of the prison pen of all who would pray. Eight thousand poor, ragged, emaciated, hungry homesick boys walked or crawled to the place where they were to call on God for water to quench their thirst. Possibly never before did ever such a number on the verge of death meet to pray for one thing. While they were still assembled, there appeared upon the sky the black clouds and soon the drenching rains poured down their torrents in answer to prayer and an abundance of water, fresh from the Father of all good, gave back the life to thousands of despairing soldiers. The following morning there was found near the place where prayer was offered, a beautiful spring, pouring its streamlet down the sandy hillside. It is there to this day and is called "Providence Spring," a proof that God hears and delights to answer prayer.

IGNORANCE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Ps. 119:11; Deut. 6:6; 2 Tim. 3:14, 15. (48)

It was said that John J. Ingalls of Kansas and Gov. Colquit of Georgia were the only U. S. Senators of their time who could repeat correctly the Lord's prayer. In former days every member of the Sanhedrin must be able to repeat the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

Matt. 18:2-4; Luke 18:16, 17; 2 Tim. 3:15; Isa. 57:15; Matt. 18:10. (47)

A little fellow, on seeing the minister ask a blessing, bending his head, handed up his plate and said, "Mr., please pray on my plate too."

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy, etc."

Children are susceptible to religious influences and adults can enter the kingdom only "as the little child."

SUNSHINE OR GOLD.

Luke 12:15; 1 Tim. 6:9, 10; Prov. 11:28; Eccl. 5:13. (49)

A friend of mine said he knew a man who went insane upon the subject of money. His whole conversation was upon that subject. His voice was heard almost constantly, crying, "Money, money, money." He was sent to the asylum, and everything was done to restore him, but he continued to rave, keeping up his incessant cry, "Money, money, money." The authorities, as a last resort, put him into an iron cell with holes drilled in the side and top to admit the sunlight, hoping to divert his mind from the subject of "money." When the sheet-iron cell or cage was moved out in the sunshine, and the light, like bars of gold, came through into the cage of the lunatic, he imagined the angels were thrusting bars of gold through the holes, and clutched at them as if he feared they would be withdrawn, crying, as he vainly tried to catch the sunshine, "Money, money, money."

Many of the evils of the world are caused by greed for money. "The love of money is the root of all evil." Some men value all things only by their power to produce wealth. Beauty, love, virtue, all are naught beside gold. They measure the choicest of God's blessings by dollars and cents.

SAM McDONALD.

Prov. 21:17; Prov. 10:7; Prov. 14:12; Isa. 3:11. (50)

Several years ago, while in Terre Haute, a friend of mine took me for a drive over the city, and on one of the handsome streets my friend pointed out a palatial residence as the home of Sam McDonald, or "Champagne Charley." The situation and beautiful natural surroundings had been made charming by the prodigal expenditure of money. The inscriptions on the globes of the gas lamps were, "Welcome rowdies," "Loafers' retreat," and many such, which were sensational in the extreme. On a birthday he gave a party to a thousand of his friends; he had wine mains put in, so that he could have a hydrant for wine on every tree of his yard. He wasted in prodigality within less than five years, between two and three million of dollars. He finally killed a man, and his fortune was ruined to clear him. He soon died, and died a poor man.

"The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish." Ps. 1:6.

LESSONS FROM "THE LIFE OF THE BEE."

By Maurice Maeterlinck.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

One of the most charming of nature books is the above. The author almost wins the decision of the reader, that the bee is more intelligent than man. He certainly makes heroic the little honey gatherer as one which is not daunted by any discouragement, nor is staggered by any sacrifice. The author does not write from hearsay, but from observation. After reading the book one is tempted to change the proverb to: "Go to the bee thou sluggard" and add "thou discouraged or selfish one."

A CREATURE OF THE CROWD. (52)

The bee is above all, and even to a greater extent than the ant, a creature of the crowd. She can live only in the midst of a multitude. When she leaves the hive, which is so densely packed that she has to force her way with blows of her head through the living walls that enclose her, she departs from her proper element. She will dive for an instant into flower-filled space, as the swimmer will dive into the sea that is filled with pearls, but under pain of death it behooves her at regular intervals to return and breathe the crowd as the swimmer must return and breathe the air. Isolate her, and however abundant the food or favorable the temperature, she will expire in a few days not of hunger or cold, but of loneliness. From the crowd, from the city, she derives an invisible aliment that is as necessary to her as honey. This craving will help to explain the spirit of the laws of the hive. For in them the individual is nothing, her existence conditional only, and herself, for one indifferent moment, a winged organ of the race. Her whole life is an entire sacrifice to the manifold, everlasting being whereof she forms part. It is strange to note that it was not always so. We find even today, among the melliferous hymenoptera, all the stages of progressive civilization of our own domestic bee. At the bottom of the scale we find her working alone, in wretchedness, often not seeing her offspring (the Prosopis, the Colletes, etc.); sometimes living in the midst of the limited family that she produces annually (as in the case of the humble-bee). Then she forms temporary associations (the Panurgi, the Dasypodœ, the Hacliti, etc.) and at last we arrive, through successive stages, at the almost perfect but pitiless society of our hives, where the individual is entirely merged in the republic, and the republic in its turn invariably sacrificed to the abstract and immortal city of the future.

SWARMING. (53)

Restlessness seizes the people, and the old queen begins to stir. She feels that a new destiny is being prepared. She has religiously fulfilled her duty as a good creatress; and from this duty done there result only tribulation and sorrow. An invincible power menaces her tranquillity; she will soon be forced to quit this city of hers, where she has reigned. But this city is her work, it is she, herself. She is not its queen in the sense in which men use the word. She issues no orders; she obeys, as meekly as the humblest of her subjects, the masked power, sovereignly wise, that for the present, and till we attempt to locate it, we will term the "spirit of the hive." But she is the unique organ of love; she is the mother of the city. She founded it amid uncertainty and poverty. She has peopled it with her own substance; and all who move within its walls—workers, males, larvæ, nymphs, and the young princesses whose approaching birth will hasten her own departure, one of them being already designed as her successor by the "spirit of the hive"—all these have issued from her flanks.

CHURCH SHOULD EMULATE THE HIVE. (54)

Its orders have gone to the chemists who ensure the preservation of the honey by letting a drop of formic acid fall in from the end of their sting; to the capsule-makers who seal down the cells when the treasure is ripe, to the sweepers who maintain public places and streets most irreproachably clean, to the bearers whose duty it is to remove the corpses; and to the amazons of the guard who keep watch on the threshold by night and by day, question comers and goers, recognize the novices who return from their very first flight, scare away vagabonds, marauders and loiterers, expel all intruders, attack redoubtable foes in a body, and, if need be, barricade the entrance.

Finally, it is the spirit of the hive that fixes the hour of the great annual sacrifice to the genius of the race: the hour, that is, of the swarm; when we find a whole people, who have attained the topmost pinnacle of prosperity and power, suddenly abandoning to the generation to come their wealth and their palaces, their homes and the fruits of their labour; themselves content to encounter the hardships and perils of a new and distant country. This act, be it conscious or not, undoubtedly passes the limits of human morality. Its result will sometimes be ruin, but poverty always; and the thrice-happy city is scattered abroad in obedience to a law superior to its own happiness. Where has this law been decreed, which, as we soon shall find, is by no means as blind and inevitable as one might believe? Where, in what assembly, what council, what intellectual and moral sphere, does this spirit reside to whom all must submit, itself being vassal to an heroic duty, to an intelligence whose eyes are persistently fixed on the future?

MORALS OF THE HIVE. (55)

Each hive has its own code of morals. There are some that are very virtuous and some that are very perverse; and a careless bee-keeper will often corrupt his people, destroy their respect for the property of others, incite them to pillage, and induce in them habits of conquest and idleness which will

render them sources of danger to all the little republics around. These things result from the bee's discovery that work among distant flowers, whereof many hundreds must be visited to form one drop of honey, is not the only or promptest method of acquiring wealth, but that it is easier to enter ill-guarded cities by stratagem, or force her way into others too weak for self-defence. Nor is it easy to restore to the paths of duty a hive that has become thus depraved.

EVIL IN THE HIVE. (56)

We soon shall see with what startling rapidity they are able to understand each other, and adopt concerted measures, when, for instance, the great honey thief, the huge sphinx atropos, the sinister butterfly that bears a death's head on its back, penetrates into the hive, humming its own strange note, which acts as a kind of irresistible incantation; the news spreads quickly from group to group, and from the guards at the threshold to the workers on the furtherest combs, the whole population quivers.

ZEAL IN OVERCOMING EVIL. (57)

Let me cite an instance; an event, that, though occurring in nature, is still in itself wholly abnormal. I refer to the manner in which the bees will dispose of a mouse or a slug that may happen to have found its way into the hive. The intruder killed, they have to deal with the body, which will very soon poison their dwelling. If it be impossible for them to expel or dismember it, they will proceed methodically and hermetically to enclose it in a veritable sepulchre of propolis and wax, which will tower fantastically above the ordinary monuments of the city. In one of my hives last year I discovered three such tombs side by side, erected with party-walls, like the cells of the comb, so that no wax should be wasted. These tombs the prudent grave-diggers had raised over the remains of three snails that a child had introduced into the hive. As a rule, when dealing with snails, they will be content to seal up with wax the orifice of the shell. But in this case the shells were more or less cracked and broken; and they had considered it simpler, therefore, to bury the entire snail; and had further contrived, in order that circulation in the entrance hall might not be impeded, a number of galleries exactly proportionate, not to their own girth, but to that of the males, which are almost twice as large as themselves. Does not this instance, and the one that follows, warrant our believing that they would in time discover the cause of the queen's inability to follow them through the trellis?

HAPPINESS THROUGH OBEDIENCE. (58)

The air resounds with their song of ecstasy, which is different far from their chant of anger. He need have no fear that the swarm will divide, or grow fierce, will scatter, or try to escape. This is a day, I repeat, when a spirit of holiday would seem to animate these mysterious workers, a spirit of confidence, that apparently nothing can trouble. They have detached themselves from the wealth they had to defend, and they no longer recognize their enemies. They become inoffensive because of their happiness, though why they are happy we know not, except it be because they are obeying their law. A moment of such blind happiness is accorded by nature at times to every living thing, when she seeks to accomplish her end.

NOTE: In almost every issue we present paragraphs from some recent book. To the busy preacher, or the one who has not a city library at hand this should be a means of refreshment for himself and the use of these paragraphs in sermons should enable him to get the close attention and heart interest of his hearers. [Ed.]

BOOKS FOR PREACHERS.

A Chat with the Publisher.

Why are the books I announce on pages 4, 5 and 6 of especial value to preachers? In the first place I publish exclusively for preachers, and do not seek other trade. Next, I consult leading preachers and other well-read men as to the value of a work before I undertake it; men of different denomination, conservative as well as advanced thinkers.

Biblical Encyclopedia. There are some things I would like to say to you which can't be said well in an advertisement. That over twenty-five years of literary labor was expended upon it—that it is the compendium of all Biblical literature up to the present; that I am satisfied that you will use it more than any other work in your library. Some publishers put a fancy price, $5.00 per volume, on theological works, boom them a year or two, drop them, then offer them as premiums or for little or nothing, because the work had no intrinsic or permanent value in the first place. The price I put on this work ($12.50 cash) is the permanent price and the five volumes will be worth that ten years from now.

OF PERMANENT VALUE.

Annotations upon Popular Hymns was written by the best judge of hymns America has known; editor of a half-dozen leading hymnals. He wrote with the praise or song service in mind. Every time we used a song service we had requests for a book along the same line. The book is worth $3.00, and will be of more practical use to you than any work on hymnology published. But see page 4.

The Homiletic Year, by Dr. Hallock. It is as if you were puzzling your brain and heart and soul what to preach on, and you said I will call on Dr. Hallock, and he should take you to his library and make suggestions. Then all the holidays and observances of the church year are given. See page 5.

F. M. BARTON, Publisher,
Cleveland, O.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RECENT SERMONS.

[The space given to "Shafts from Scotch Sermons" will be given to "Illustrations from Recent Sermons" hereafter, and the latter will become a regular department.]

USEFULNESS IN CHILDREN. (60)

Rev. Daniel H. Overton, pastor of the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn preached on "The Battles of the Will," taking for the text Matthew 23: 27-30. The principal illustration was:

"You see this conflict beginning very early in the child life. The little child has a will, and early and often it is set against the parents' will. What parent has not felt it? One day a little child was slowly making its way up the stairs and the mother down below said, 'Come here, baby; mamma wants you.' And baby replied, 'I wants myself,' and went right on. Every child very early in life wants himself or herself. And, oh, what struggles many parents have had with strong willed children! Yet we know that a strong will is a great gift if rightly governed and directed, and it is often these strong willed children that make the best men and women. And we know, too, if we are wise, that the strong will is to be governed, and directed, and not broken, if we are to make the most of the child.

TITHING BY THE ROMANS. (61)

Dean H. Martyn Hart, of the St. John's Cathedral, Denver, Colo., preached a sermon on "Tithing—the Divine Solution of the Social Problem." The text was from Matthew 22: 21: "Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and unto God the things which are God's." The principal illustration was:

In Plutarch's life of the Dictator Camillus, it is recorded that after the taking of the Etruscan City of Veii, the augurs reported from their inspection of the sacrifices, that the gods were outraged. An inquiry was instituted and it was ascertained that the soldiers who had been concerned in the sacking of the city had neglected to dedicate the accustomed tenth to the gods. The senate decreed that the victorious legions should make restitution and that a cup of gold of eight talents weight should be sent as a trespass offering to the Temple of Apollo at Delphi.

Three senators of high rank were appointed to carry the restored tithe, with the trespass offering, to Delphos. On its way the embassy was taken by the Liparians, who were then at war with Rome. But when the governor of the city understood that the rich booty was tithe on its way to Delphos, he not only liberated the Romans, but sent a squadron of his own fleet to convoy them safely on their way.

The Roman ladies brought of their own free will, such liberal gifts of jewels and gold that the senate, to honor them, decreed that funeral orations might be made at the obsequies of women, which hitherto had only been permitted over eminent public men. This extraordinary episode proves how rarely it happened that tithes were not paid and how grievous was the sin of omitting their payment.

PAYING TAXES. (62)

Rev. Bertrand Martin Tipple, pastor of the Embury Memorial M. E. Church, Brooklyn, preached on "Paying Taxes." He took as his text Matthew 17: 24-27. Mr. Tipple said:

"Amid the beautiful hills of France, surrounded by sunny vineyards, lies the little Village of Domremy, the only village of its kind in the world. It pays no taxes. Four centuries ago King Charles decreed this, declaring that when it gave to France Joan of Arc it completed for all time its tale of service.

"When the great hearted Sir Moses Montefiore had passed his 100th year he was busied in planing a new charity. Said a friend to him, 'You have done your work for the world, why not rest these last days?' The grand old man made reply, 'While I can breathe I am a citizen of the world and I must pay my taxes to help and better it.' Why does Mr. Carnegie make his gifts? Why does Mr. Rockefeller give his millions to education? Why does Helen Gould build Young Men's Christian Associations, endow hospitals, clothe the poor? These people of wealth feel that there is a tax they must pay to humanity. Yes, one man sings his immortal song, another paints his masterpiece, another erects his magnificent cathedral, another carries mortar for the bricks. He may be a great apostle or a poor negro, but whoever he is, wherever he is, if his work helps to lighten the load of a brother man he is paying the tax which God Almighty has imposed upon us all, 'Help one another.'"

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Three Books Worth Looking At.—Page 6.

Religion and Science, by Calderwood. These lectures were so popular that they were repeated at Edinburgh. Price has always been $1.75; now $1.50.

Art of Illustration, by Charles H. Spurgeon, at $1.00.

Christian Leader: "The young minister is told not only how to employ the stories, but where to look for them as well. No minister who reads it and acts upon its suggestions will fail to preach with greater effect."

The Funeral Manual, outlines of funeral addresses, interment or committal services of different churches; a comfort to any pastor, bound in limp leather, $1 postpaid.

The New York Observer says: "It contains much that will aid the pastor in the performance of a duty which is often trying and delicate."

STORIES OF PAINTINGS AND ARTISTS.

TWO PICTURES. (63)

Some years ago, says a writer, when I was in Paris, I went into the Salon, and saw two pictures. One picture represented a king lying on his death-bed. He was just dead; and his servants, who a moment before had flown at his word, were engaged in rifling his caskets and his wardrobes. What do you think was the legend beneath? "William the Conqueror." Such a victory. Just a moment dead, and his servants were spoiling him! The other picture represented a man lying on a rocky tomb, also dead, but the angels were keeping watch, and to that tomb, now empty, all ages and all generations are coming. He was the Conqueror, and His is the victory, given unto every man that is of Christ Jesus; even of faith, which overcometh the world!"

END OF ALL THINGS. (64)

A few months before that ingenious artist, Hogarth, was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he has entitled the Tail-piece. The first idea of this is said to have been started in company at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the end of all things." "If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished; for there will be an end to the painter." "There will so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and, therefore, the sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which could denote the end of all things: a broken bottle—an old broom worn to the stump—the butt end of an old firelock—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the sign-post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—the map of the globe burning—a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it, dropping down—Phoebus and his horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play book opened, with exeunt omnes stamped in the corner—an empty purse—and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far good," cried Hogarth: "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's pallet broken—"Finis," exclaimed Hogarth: "the deed is done, all is over." It is a very remarkable and well known fact, that he never again took the pallet in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary Tail-piece.

REYNOLDS' MANNERS AND ART. (65)

At a festive meeting, where Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, Garrick, Douglas, and Goldsmith were conspicuous, the idea of composing a set of extempore epitaphs on one another was started. Garrick offended Goldsmith so much by two very indifferent lines of waggery, that the latter avenged himself by composing the celebrated poem Retaliation in which he exhibits the characters of his companions with great liveliness and talent. The lines have a melancholy interest, from being the last the author wrote. The character of Sir Joshua Reynolds is drawn with discrimination and judgment—a little flattered, resembling his own portraits in which the features are a little softened, and the expression elevated.

"Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart."

REDEEMED BY A PICTURE. (66)

The assumption of the Virgin is considered by all the Spanish writers as the masterpiece of Murillo, and never, perhaps, did that great master attain such sublimity of expression and such magnificent coloring, as in this almost divine picture. It represents the Virgin in the act of being carried up into Heaven. Her golden hair floats on her shoulders, and her white robe gently swells in the breeze, while a mantle of blue gracefully falls from her left shoulder. Groups of angels and cherubim of extraordinary beauty, sport around her in the most evident admiration, those below thronging closely together, while those above open their ranks as if not in any way to conceal the glory shed around the ascending Virgin. The size of the picture is eight feet six inches in height, by six feet broad, French measure. This picture was the gem of the famous collection made by Marshal Soult, during his campaigns in Spain, who used humorously to relate that it cost him two monks, which he thus explained. One morning two of his soldiers were found with their throats cut, and the deed being traced to the instigation of the monks, near whose convent they had encamped, he immediately arraigned them before a court-martial, sentenced two of the fraternity to expiate the deed, and compelled them to designate the victims by lot. One of the chances fell to the Prior, who offered Soult this peerless picture as the price of their redemption.

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HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT.

GIST OF RECENT SERMONS BY GREAT PREACHERS.

Prepared by G. B. F. Hallock, D. D., Author of "The Homiletic Year."

[This is the new feature of our Homiletic Department—the richest yet presented.]

THE COMPREHENSIVENESS OF DIVINE LOVE.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." John 11: 5.

Then He loved three souls of very different temperaments. To love all three is to love natures which are greatly contrasted in their constitution. This is the characteristic of true love. It is comprehensive and inclusive. There is a species of love which makes a fastidious choice of its objects. It picks out a few of a particular mental color, or of a certain moral temperament, and with rigid exclusiveness it confines its communion to these. But here is the love of the Master lavishing itself upon these very different souls, and in each of them finding joy and satisfaction. Jesus does not want all His loved ones to be of one mould and color. He does not seek uniformity—He loves us for our own individuality. He will not remove our individuality. He only seeks to glorify it. He loves "Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."

I. "Jesus loved Martha." Martha is the biblical example of a practical woman. "Martha served." In that phrase in enshrined her character. Martha was ever eager for practical deeds, and her interpretation of "practical" was ready ministering to the needs of the flesh. If she had been a worker among our modern slums she would have persistently advocated the giving of suppers and teas. Martha was no expert in abstract discussions. But she was great when anybody was sick and in need of immediate help. It is to Martha's gentle, practical hands that we must all come at last, and I am glad that she stands enrolled among the loved ones, as the chosen companions of the Lord. "Jesus loved Martha."

II. "And her sister." Mary was contemplative, spending long hours in deep communion with the unseen. Her mind was roomy, full of visions. Her heart was equally capacious, full of feeling. Sometimes her feeling was aroused into high ecstasies, and then it found expression in some costly gift. But more usually Mary was quiet, reserved, unobtrusive, full of thought. The practical person is apt to be impatient with Mary. "Bid her that she help." That impatience arises from a narrow and impoverished conception of service. We do not think that all land is waste that has not built upon it a shop or an eating house. Land which is used as a garden, on which the green grass grows and the flowers bloom, is never regarded as waste. We need the Marys as well as the Marthas, the deep contemplative souls whose spirit sheds a fragrant restfulness over the hard and busy streets. The severely practical Peter could never quite understand the dreamy John. We need the souls that sit at Jesus' feet and listen to His word, and then interpret the sweet gospels to a tired and weary world. Upon these also the Lord has set the seal of His benediction, and has claimed them as His own companions. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister."

III. "And Lazarus." What do we know about him? Nothing, Lazarus appears to have been undistinguished and commonplace. Yet Jesus loved him. There are crowds of people who are massed together under some such description as Paul gives in one of his epistles—"Other my fellow laborers whose names are written in the book of life." Thank God for the common place people! They turn our houses into homes, and make life restful and sweet. We could spare the roses rather than the blades of grass. Jesus loves the common place. Here then is a great, comforting truth. We are all loved, the brilliant and the commonplace, the dreamy and the practical. "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus."—Rev. J. H. Jowett, M. A.

FIGHTING A DREAM.

Text—"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." John 9: 25.

"One thing I know." I have had a fight with a dream, and I was defeated. I dreamed that the College debt was paid, that we assembled and sang together, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

My heart had opened so fully, and my mind rejoiced so fully at the fulfillment of my hope to come back to my pastoral work and die in the harness of the church, all seemed so complete that it had been an hour of inexpressible joy. But I felt myself awaking; and in the interval of time between my dream and my self-possession I fought to retain the dream. I fought to keep the real dream. I asked God in prayer, from my heart, to secure that dream to me for a reality, and I fought with the dream as Jacob fought with the angel of God. "I will not let thee go, Thou must be made real!" But more and more my real self came into control, and my dream faded and faded. The debt was there and the debt was here. I awoke to the truth I had awakened from a dream.

I went out upon the street; I met ladies attired in Easter costumes, so full of a sense of their personal importance, so pleased with the impression their attire must make upon the gaping multitude that passed, who, however, did not notice them; and I said to myself, "All mankind are in a dream; all are fighting with a dream." Ladies passed me who long ago had lost the flush of youth and beauty, but who still befooled themselves with the idea that they were yet young and handsome, walking in a dream. Men I met whose hairs are white, whose regard for attire, whose haughty manner, whose flashing eyes seemed to proclaim to the world, "I, too, am walking in a dream." Somnabulistic the work seems to be everywhere.

I walked along by the stores and saw more in the show windows than there was in the rear. I went into business places and saw people with hopes, ambitions that never could be, and believing things to exist which were not, and I said, "All the world is fighting the same battle with a dream that I have been fighting."

Some times we get led into an extremely opposite conclusion of that character that we think there is nothing real; all is a dream. Poets have tried to impress it upon us, and even philosophers have been foolish enough to say that "the world is a dream," that the world is "a passing show." that there is no reality about it. Hence it comes gratefully to the uncertain heart to get back to a text like this. "One thing I know." To plant one's feet on solid ground and while all other things shake to feel that he is safe, is a restful thing. I thought it would be restful to you if I were to talk with you about it this morning.

I. How foolish it is for us to try to convince ourselves that a dream is truth. A man may stand upon the city hall tower and try to convince himself that there is no power of gravitation, and that there is no force drawing to the center of the earth. Then he might leap out with the expectation that he would stand balanced between the sky and the earth and that he would meet with no sad results from the law which he taught himself to believe was not real. He would none the less fall with terrific force and be broken in fragments on the pavement below. How foolish it is for a person to try to convice himself that that which is real, which is true, is a dream. This text acts both ways, like a two-edged sword.

II. How many of us feel that we are not sinners. We say we have committed no sin in the sight of God. You often hear persons say, "I am as good as other people; I do not think I have done a man a wrong; I do not think I have ever done any person an evil." We try to get into that dreamy condition under the lethargy or anesthetic power of this solace of the sinful dream. Covered in a dream until we are convinced that we are not sinners! We live in a dream. Yet all of us have sinned. All of us need a Saviour; not one has convinced himself that he is so good that he can safely go to death without repentance. We need to repent; we need to get back to the truth. We are sinners; we are wicked; we need salvation, every one of us.

But we dream we are as good as other people, and in our dreaming we let the opportunity, perhaps, for salvation go by.

III. A man is not willing to take account of stock; he has dreamed that he is worth more than he is. He has told his wife and family that he is getting along finely and that they can have costly things, that he is making money; but there is the fact all the while. "I don't really want to take account of stock; I do not wish to find out what I owe; I would like to live on in this dream!" But he will awake to the truth some day. You need not know exactly to the penny what you are worth, exactly to the penny what your income and what is your outgo, to see if you are living within it. You are dreaming if you are doing anything else. Yet half the world is going on in that financial dream not knowing what is the actual condition of their finances.

IV. A man may convince himself for a time that the Future is a dream, that there is no future life. But he will awake; and when he awakes he will say, "I dread death; I fear that there is something beyond." His dream at once disappears.

V. Some people say there is no hell. But their saying so will not do away with it. The attempt of mankind now to laugh it off or to put it into a dream will not take away the reality. If there is a hell there is one, and our belief will not change the fact. If there is a punishment, as there should be, for the evil-doer, if there is a place where those who have shown themselves on earth to be full of cruelty, wickedness, and regardlessness of good, will receive their just due; if there is such a place, why should we try to do away with it by a dream?

The eternal verities are the things that we need. Death is coming, and we know it. Let us prepare for it. That is one fact. I know that I can see; I know that I was blind. I know that death is coming. I know that these things are true. Let us not waver. Let us not be shaken in our midst or our faith. The judgment day is coming and when we reach it we will awake to the verities that we ought to understand now. In each we ought to put our fullest belief. Let us be satisfied of these fundamental truths that the ages have testified to, which our consciences approve, which the experience with God's Spirit also confirms, and let us settle ourselves right there, friends. "One thing I do know."—Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.

THE GREAT REFUSAL."

Mark 10: 17-21.

When Cæsar saw Brutus for the first time and heard him pleading in the Forum, he said, "Yon youth is destined to make his mark, because he intends strongly." The youth who here prostrated himself before Jesus intended strongly. But, alas, there were grave difficulties in the way. The heavenward path is ever steep and rugged. Three serious mistakes he made, any one of which would have nullified his pursuit of spiritual things. It is much to be feared that together they cost him his life.

I. With respect to Christ. At this point he was an Arian. He addressed Jesus as "good Rabbi" and would probably have been willing to pronounce him the most excellent of men. But Jesus would have none of it. "Why callest thou me good?" said He; "there is none good but one, that is, God." The alternative, put in syllogistic form, was like this: God alone is good. Thou dost not believe me to be God; Ergo, Call me not good. Or, God alone is good: Thou callest me good; Ergo, Go further and pronounce me God. In any case, as merely a "good Rabbi," He could not receive it. The compliments of those who esteem Him anything

else or lower than He claimed to be are, in the nature of the case, an affront to Him.

All through these eighteen hundred years there has been no lack of such vain adulation. Pilate in the act of sentencing Jesus to death pronounced Him "a faultless man." Porphyry the Neo-Platonist, who rejected all His divine claims, was fond of calling Him "a pious man." Spinoza, who flouted His divineness, was still willing to call Him "the temple of God." The infidel Rousseau referred to Him as "a man of colossal dimensions, of wonderful sweetness and purity of life." Goethe, who was possibly the most unchristian of poets, went so far as to say that Jesus "was as divine as ever the divine appeared on earth." Channing the Unitarian said, "His was a character wholly removed from human comprehension; I know not what can be added to heighten the reverence and love due to Him." Theodore Parker said, "His was the mightiest heart that ever beat in a human breast." John Stewart Mill, who can scarcely be said to have had any consistent religious belief, spoke of Jesus as "a unique figure, a man charged to lead mankind to truth and virtue." The freethinker Richter said, "Jesus was purest among the mighty and mightiest among the pure; who with His pierced hand has raised empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channel, and still continues to rule and guide the ages." David Strauss said, "He was the highest model of religion within the reach of human thought." And Ernest Renan, "We believe Him to be in the front rank of the great family of the sons of God. He was an incomparable man, greater than any of the past and probably than any to come. Whatever the surprises of the future may be, Jesus of Nazareth will never be surpassed. All ages will proclaim that none greater than He has been born among the children of men." All this is adulation rendered by such as utterly rejected the divine claims of Jesus. It is robing Him in mocking purple, placing in His hand an impotent reed, and crying, "Hail, O King!"

"Good Rabbi" he certainly was not. There is no middle ground. Was Voltaire right when he cried, "Ecrasez l' infame!" or Peter when he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God?"

II. The second mistake made by the young ruler was with reference to himself. At this point he was a Pelagian When reminded of the commandments he said, "All these have I kept from my youth up." He had in fact kept none of them. Nor have you. Nor have I. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Today is the Sabbath: have you kept it thus far? Thou shalt not kill: to hate one's brother without a cause is murder. Thou shalt not commit adultery: an unclean glance is adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not lie. Thou shalt not covet. Guilty or not guilty?

This youth was under a sad delusion. In one of Hogarth's cartoons a demented prisoner sits in the straw, chained like a beast to his dungeon wall; but he smiles and sings as if he were the happiest of mortals. The straw is his throne, his jailors are his courtiers; he deems himself the envy of crowned kings. Not greater is his self deception than that of the self-righteous man who deems himself worthy to appear in the judgment before God.

III. The third mistake made by this young man was with respect to salvation. At this point he was a Legalist. "What shall I do," said he, "that I may inherit eternal life?" There was indeed nothing for him to do. Had he but known it, life is a precious gift. If we are ever saved it will not be on account of our doing, but by God's giving.

But while salvation is free it is conditioned. God who gives it has been pleased—as was His obvious right—to affix a condition upon its bestowal, to wit, He that believeth shall live. To believe is to accept. Faith is the hand stretched out to grasp God's grace. Salvation is free—free as air, as water, as the manna which lay like hoar-frost on the ground. But if the Israelites had not gathered up the manna they would have died of hunger. And though a man stood on the bank of the Amazon, were he to refuse to drink he would perish of thirst. There is an atmosphere fifty miles deep around this earth of ours, but a man who will not breathe must strangle. So I say salvation is free; but it saves only the man who reaches forth and takes it.

This story is called "The Great Refusal." Yonder goes the young man, turning his back on life—"very sad, for he was very rich." He loved something better than life. Whether he ever changed his mind we know not. The curtain falls; we may not lift it. The important consideration is that life is just now offered to every one of us.—Rev. David James Burrell, D. D.

AFTER DEATH—WHAT?

Text—The beggar died and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The sick man also died and was buried, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. Luke 16: 22, 23.

"To be or not to be—that's the question." And this question of a future state is not one of merely curious and speculative interest, but one of profoundest practical importance. No doubt, in the earlier ages of the Christian church, the Pietists and Mystics and Transcendentalists did occupy themselves overmuch with gazing up into heaven and so were in danger of overlooking Lazarus at the gate or of neglecting the poor wretch who had fallen among thieves and was dying by the roadside. They illustrated a sublimated type of selfishness in religion, which happily is now very rarely in evidence in the Christian world. Against all this there has come reaction and revolt, and the trend of the times is in the direction of the betterment of earthly conditions, rather than any great concernment about the shadowy realms that lie beyond this present life—if there be such realms Paul did, indeed, say, "While we look not at the things that are seen and temporal, but at the things that are unseen and spiritual."

Yet large allowance must be made for Paul, seeing how long ago he lived and how narrow were the limits of his Jewish life. We make bold, however, to affirm in defense of Paul

that things below, whether material or spiritual, are run by things above, and that nothing can continuously drive the wheels of the world's philanthropies but "The power of the world to come." Eliminate these and you will presently have stagnation and death, or pandemonium broken loose.

And yet, respecting the words referred to as descriptive of human destiny, both here and hereafter, it ought to be said that life does not mean mere continuance of being and death mere extinction of being, but both words represent conditions of being. Man as originally constituted, was a trinity or unity—body, soul and spirit. He was a three-storied structure, in the lower story of which dwelt the animal nature, for man, first of all, is an animal. In the second story dwelt the soul, with all its splendid powers and possibilities. In the third lived the spirit. That had God-consciousness, and as from an observatory had outlook toward heaven. God had said to Adam with respect to the forbidden fruit, "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

He did not say thou shalt be sentenced to death in that day, but thou shalt die. And die he did, that very day. The spirit went out of him, and that third story became a death chamber.

Or, to change the figure, man as God made him was like a balloon in which the car represents the body—gross, coarse, material. The silken envelope the soul, while the spirit, like an ethereal something, lifted the whole nature upward toward God and heaven. Sin like a sword pierced through the soul and let the spirit out, and then there was disastrous collapse and fall, and what was wont to be noble and god-like became "earthly, sensual and devilish." Man still existed but he was dead in the saddest, truest sense. Said one of earth's tallest geniuses, who felt within him the foretokenings of senility, "I shall die at the top." Every man who has not received from Jesus Christ the gift of eternal life is dead at the top, for he is spiritually dead. And, mark you, spirit is as different from soul as soul is from body.

The natural man is a truncated cone—a mere stump of a man who, though he exists, does not live to any high and proper sense. There is nothing left of him but body and soul, and this is all of him that is threatened with future retribution: Fear him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast both soul and body into hell. And herein lies the necessity and philosophy of regeneration. "Verily, I say unto you, ye must be born again." "That which is born of the spirit is Spirit." This man comes to himself and is himself who is born again, and thereby lives—for now he is a son of God.

The radical and ineffaceable meaning of death is separation. Physical death is the separation of the soul from the body; spiritual death is the separation of the spirit from the soul and body and the consequent separation of man from God, for only through the spirit can God be known.

The second death is the final and eternal separation of the lost soul from its Maker on the day of judgment.—Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D.

THE FRANKNESS OF JESUS CHRIST.

"If it were not so, I would have told you." John 14:2.

Christ spoke these words with a smile. "If it were not so, I would have told you. You know My way by this time. It has been My wont to check and thwart and dash your hopes. Things you desired, things you believed, things you dreamt of mightily—I have told you over and over again that they were not so. Now you are right at last. You thought that there were many mansions in the Father's House. You clung to that faith when the rest went. I knew it all the time, and I never said a word to contradict you because it was a true and sure hope, truer and surer and sweeter than you knew. If it had not been so I would have told you; but it is so. This time you may let your hearts go free; beyond death there are no disappointments."

If I am right, the passage expresses the perfect and lifelong frankness of Christ. He was absolutely truthful and open. He never sought to win followers by telling them that the way was broad and easy, and the triumph early and visible. From the very beginning of His ministry He warned His disciples that the way was narrow and that the gate was straight. He urged those who thought of joining His standard to count the cost, to count as a king counts it before he begins war, or as a builder counts it before he begins a building which may be beyond his resources.

I. Let me recall a few of Christ's words,—words which reveal that frankness of truth wherein we put our trust. At the very budding and beginning of His career He said, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake." He warned one who would follow Him of the hazards he was running. "Foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." He told the children of the bridechamber that the day of mourning would come when the bridegroom was taken away from them. He said that He came to send a sword through the closest and dearest earthly ties. He declared that His disciples would be hated of all men for His name's sake. He rejected, to the marvel of His disciples, those who seemed to promise best, those who might have brought to the little company worldly influence and wealth. When He sent the rich young ruler away, the disciples asked, and no wonder, who then can be saved? He told them when the time came that He would soon perish in Jerusalem. He was to suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed. They thought that His kingdom was to come in Jewry, come in a crash of splendid triumph; but it was not so. They dreamed that when that kingdom came they would sit near Him on His Throne; but He warned them that the exaltation could not be unless they drank of His cup and were baptised with His bap-

tism of fire. His destiny was the Cross, and they also had to be cross-bearers in His train. One by one down went tower and temple, down the earthly city of their thoughts and hopes. But the heavenly hope which was in their minds also, that survived. The new Jerusalem was no dream. If it had been, He would have told them, as He told them in unwelcome and darkening words many a time that their hopes were vain, that their realization could never be. Now at least and at last they were right. "In My Father's House are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."

II. Christ then throws forward their hopes on heaven. He warns them that on earth for the few years they lingered their lot was to be hard and bitter enough. And yet, speaking always with the rigidity and the exactness as well as the frankness of truth, He tells them that even here and in this world there are to be great alleviations, rich compensations.

III. We see, then, that what Christ cared for supremely was not quantity, but quality. He did not seek to gather a multitude who would follow Him for the loaves and fishes, mercinaries who would flinch at the critical hour. He knew that these would in the long run weaken His Church, chill its life, and ardour, and courage, put it to shame before the world. He left very few believers behind Him, but they were "the small transfigured band which the world could not tame." He was always testing, sifting, searching His disciples, always seeking for those who would be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all to stand.

IV. We learn from these words to trust Christ more than ever,—to trust His silence as well as His promises. He did not say very much about heaven in those years of His earthly travail. Even at the last He did not give His disciples a description or an inventory of the country. He asked them to trust Him, and did a little more than that. What they believed was that in the Father's House there were many mansions. He confirmed that faith, but He went on to add the gracious words, "I go to prepare a place for you." It was as if He said, "In My Father's House are many mansions, still I go to prepare a place for you." As if the mansions were not good enough, but needed the finishing touch of His love. We know what that means. When a guest is coming to the house, the hostess prepares. The rooms are there, the furniture is there, but the thoughtful, tender-hearted woman has something to do beyond making them ready. She prepares for the guest. This, she says to herself, is his favorite flower, his favorite book, and that little touch of kindness makes the welcome perfect. It may not be much that she can do, but the little means that she would fain do all. So Christ prepares for Peter, prepares for John, prepares for Thomas. He knows what they like, and He does not forget. So He prepares for His people through the generations till the end arrives. They will find that He has made ready the flower, the book.—Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, D. D.

SUNSHINE.

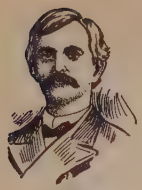
"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." Prov. 4: 23.

Did you ever stop to think what a cold, damp, dead world this would be without sunshine? No rosy dawn, no glorious moon, no beautiful sunset, no lovely spring, no golden summer, no rich and abundant autumn, no life on this old planet. We owe even existence itself to sunshine, and so we make the word stand for all that is bright, beautiful and uplifting in human life. It is this sunshine of the soul that I wish to talk about. I mean the cheerful, hopeful, beneficent, moral temper or disposition, which not only enables the fortunate possessor to have tranquil happiness for himself among the vicissitudes of life, but also enables him to be a dispenser of happiness, wherever he may be. People greatly overrate the value and importance of circumstances in the equation of happiness. Man's happiness is never in abundance of goods. The secret of happiness is not in having a good deal and wanting more, but rather in appreciation of what we have—full, rational enjoyment of what we possess. It is hard to make an American believe that. We are the worst nation in the world in the tenacity with which we cling to this false ideal of happiness; we're the worst and we're growing worse every day. I can remember well when there were only two millionaires in America, but now they are as plentiful as jack-rabbits in Australia. Kick a bush anywhere and out will bob a millionaire, a five-millionaire, a twenty-millionaire, a hundred millionaire. Happiness does not consist of a balance in the bank or a large wad in the breeches' pocket. It centers in a little spot beneath the bodice or the coat—a trustful, kindly, appreciative heart.

I. There are a few secrets of a sunshiny life that I want to point out to you this morning. In the first place, get it in your head and heart and creed that it's right to enjoy things, It is not a sin to enjoy life. It is a duty to be happy. Some people think it is indiscreet to enjoy things, and that to be good is to be morose, gloomy, sad. I reject that view of life, not only because it makes one unhappy, but also because it is libel on God; because it repels people from the Christian life.

II. There has been no plan or system of social happiness presented equal to the Christian religion. It teaches us to love one another; to help one another; to work for the good of society. That is the whole sum and substance of Christianity in its social bearings. What could be better? "On these two things hang all the law and the prophets," says the Master. What two? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." This is not only the

(Continued on Page 34.)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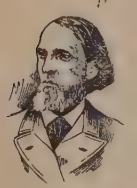
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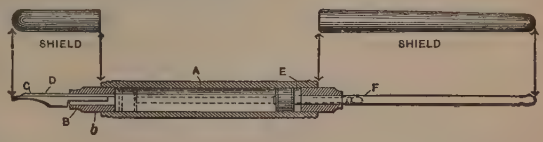

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epitome of all true religion, but also the secret of all happiness.

III. What pictures we have on lake and hill and valley and cloud! I never tire of watching them as I ride on the train. Some people envy the rich. Why, the Vanderbilts, and Morgans, the Rockefellers, are able to pay $50,000 for a single painting! Yet God Almighty paints for us poor fellows myriad pictures every day that knock the spots out of the pictures on the walls of any rich man's home. We have the beautiful original, God-made; they have man's poor attempt to reproduce and copy.

I want to show you, prove to you, that we are all millionaires. What would you take for the sense of sight? Not a million dollars. That sum would never induce you to part with the sense which opens so many vistas, so many pleasant things and persons. And what would you take for the sense of hearing? All the delightful sounds that come to you—for what sum of money would you give them up? Surely not a million dollars. And what would you take for taste? How many good things God has made for your mouth. Why did not God make food necessarry, but nevertheless disagreeable as medicine, so that we would have to eat breakfast holding our noses and making wry faces? On the other hand, we go to the table three times a day and enjoy it every time, and come away pleased and happy. The same kind, wise Providence made drugs nauseating or disagreeable so that we would take few of them. The wiser physicians become, the less drugs they give their patients.

IV. Then there are the joys of the mind, the intellectual pleasures that flow in upon us. I do not believe that any of us fully appreciate the value of printing, and what a blessing it really is to us. Time was when men gave a good farm for a good book, and the Bible was chained in the churches and written in a foreign tongue, so that none of the common people, none of the boys and girls had access to God's blessed Word.

V. There are also the joys that flow into the heart. Man was made to love and to crave the love of woman as essential to his happiness. The other day I was told that when Adam awoke from his deep sleep and found woman beside him, made out of his flesh and bone, he said "This is it!" That is the literal translation, and it means a great deal. He had sought far and wide among all the things God had created, and had not found that which he sought—"it." David said "God has put the solitary in families," and called that one of the chief causes of man's gratitude towards God. Oh, the blessedness of that institution called the home—the oldest and most beloved of human institutions.

VI. And now I come to the last secret of a happy life. If you would be happy, live to make others happy. Thousands seek happiness and do not find it, because they are seeking it along selfish lines. Selfishness is a blunder as well as a sin.. This earth is God's great training school for the future life; He sets us here at the great work of uplifting humanity and thus He prepares us for the life that is to come.

In my judgment but one spot needs to be looked after in order to make us happy in this world—gentlemen, it is right under the waistcoat; ladies, it is right under the bodice. "Keep thy heart with due diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." If the heart is right, the individual is right; if the individual is right, the family is right; if the family is right, the state is right; if the state is right, the nation is right; if the nation is right, the world is right. Let us have sunshine and good cheer in the heart.—Rev. A. A. Willitt, D. D.

Studies in Neglected Texts.

By G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

PULLING THEM OUT OF THE FIRE.

"And some have compassion, making a difference, and others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire." Jude 22, 23.

This is a wonderful text. Its exact translation is a little difficult, yet its general meaning is very plain. First, it represents a common danger—the loss of the soul. Secondly, it represents a common duty—that of the rescuing of the souls—"pulling them out of the fire." Lastly, it represents the two strongest appealing motives the Gospel presents to control our acts, love and fear.

I. The common danger. It is indicated by our need of being saved. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Had the world not needed saving, Christ need never have come. Some people do not like the Bible warnings, yet they are just as much love-filled as are the gentlest wooings. If men are in a burning house asleep, it is no unkindness to arouse them. The real unkindness would be to let them sleep. If there is nothing on the track, why wave the red signal? Why have light-houses if there are no rocks? God's message is most loving because it tells both the danger and the way of escape. Our Master was infinitely kind and living and tender, and yet He did not shun to tell men the exact truth in regard to their condition. And in our Christian work today, we need to learn that if we really long to save men, we must tell them some disagreeable truths. "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short." But, glad fact, with these truths, we may also connect other truths: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ, our Lord." This suggests:

II. A common duty. It is that of saving men. Some we may save with compassionate and gentle entreaty; others need startling announcement and warning. But in whichever way may be necessary, the great duty is to save them—"pulling them out of the fire." The work of Christians is rescue work. The world sings the praises of Grace Darling for her noble rescue of men from the wreck. We may all be, and should all be Grace Darlings in the spiritual life. It is not enough that we are saved, but we must, in turn, set about the saving of others. Not the Christian clinging with

both hands to the cross of refuge, but clinging with one hand, and with the other lifting some one else from the dark waves of sin, is the true picture of the Christian life. Look up, and lift up! We consider it inhuman to neglect the saving of life when we can. It is far more inhuman to neglect the saving souls when we can. The men in the railway wreck who were rescued all became rescuers. When the vessel went down, the sailors in the life-boat picked up all they could find. A common duty confronts us as Christians. It is to do all in our power to rescue the lost. Let us not neglect or delay.

III. The appealing motives:

1. The first of these is love. In a loving way we are to tell men of the love of Christ. Love is the motive from which we act, and it is as well the motive to which we appeal. Let us try to present to men that love of Christ "which passeth knowledge." It is broad enough to reach the width of the world. It is deep enough to reach down to the most degraded. It is long enough to last through all time, and high enough to lift us up to Heaven. Surely it must be a hard heart we cannot reach with that appeal of the love of Christ. When we really make plain to people that God loves them, we will find them crowding into the kingdom.

2. But fear is a motive also. Our fear that men will be lost moves us. And men who are hardened in sin sometimes respond only to the motive of fear. It may require a rude awakening when a man is in deep sleep and his home afire. It may require a sharp cry when the stumbling man is upon the very brink of the precipice. If gentle pleas will not move men, they must be saved with fear. Tell of the certainty of death, the permanency of character, the certainty of judgment. Appeal to fear. Warnings are as loving as wooings are. Let us use well-adapted means, every means possible in order that souls may be saved.

MEASURING BY A MAN.

"They, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." 2 Cor. 10: 12-18.

We all have a tendency to take a wrong standard for character measure. People "compare themselves among themselves," and the Bible says that in so doing they are "not wise." Measuring themselves by themselves or by others, they soon conclude that they are "as good as the average." But average Christians are not what the Bible requires, "For not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth."

I. First, then, let us bring this question of comparison to the testing of character.

We compare ourselves with others and say, "I am as good as ordinary Christians." What is wanted is not just "ordinary Christians." We ought each to pray with Wesley, "Lord, make me an extraordinary Christian." There is a call today for Christians above the ordinary. They will not be found in large numbers until people adopt a higher standard than the character of those whom they see about them. We must quit measuring ourselves by ourselves, and take the character of Christ as our standard. Like the business man comparing his weight and measures with the government standards, we have a true test when we compare ourselves with the true standard —the character of Christ.

He said, "Learn of me." "Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Paul never told us to follow him except in so far as he followed Christ. A man five feet six inches tall comparing himself with a man five feet three inches tall might conclude that he is quite good sized, but how does he shrink when you place beside a man six feet tall! Average Christians comparing themselves with average Christians may think they are about right, but let them compare themselves with Christ and they soon see how far they fall below the measure by the perfect standard—the character of Christ. That is the only way there can be hope of growing better.

II. Again how practical this is for testing the measure of our self-sacrifice.

Many people want to get to heaven as cheaply as they can. They give as little as possible, and then justify themselves by saying that they give as much as others. They do not deny themselves worldly indulgences and then justify themselves by saying that other Christians do the same things they do. A man sees his neighbor do certain things on the Sabbath, therefore he claims the right to do them. His neighbor goes to certain questionable places and at once he claims the right to do the same. But how does his character measure up with Christ's requirements? "Not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." Do you think that Christ would commend your standard of character when you measure it up only by what you see in others?

III. Once more, let this serve for testing the measure of your zeal and consecration in God's service.

In this also do you compare yourself with others? Are you ever tempted to say, "I do as much as my neighbor; I do not like to push myself forward; I never like to seem to take the lead?" Such feelings are born purely of a tendency to compare ourselves among ourselves. A man says, "I go to prayer-meeting. I think I am there about as often as anybody." A young woman says, "Well, I think I do about as much for the church as the minister's wife or any one else." These are plain cases of wrong self-measurement. When we take Christ's standard we will not be asking how little we can do, but how much we can do. We will perform to the extent of our ability. We will diligently use all the talents we have. We will try to be extraordinary Christians. Let us try to be the best possible Christians. Let us try to be of the utmost use in the world.

It is an old saying: "If you aim at the barn-door you will never hit the weather-cock on the steeple." That simply means that if we would hit high we must aim high.

STORIES OF HYMNS.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Nothing seems to be known concerning the author of this excellent and popular hymn, except that her name is Miss Kathcrine Hankey, that she is an Englishwoman, and that in 1866 she published The Old, Old Story; and in 1879, The Old, Old Story, and other Verses; and between those two dates, some enlargements and revisions bearing the name of Heart to Heart, 1870. The piece is quite long, and is framed as a Life of Jesus in meter. It has two parts, "The Story Wanted," and "The Story Told." It has appeared in various forms, and been translated into many languages; sometimes the author has accompanied it with music.

The tune to which in this country the hymn is invariably sung was composed by an American, Dr. William Howard Doane. He has related the incident of its origin. "In 1867 I was attending the international meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association at Montreal. Among those present was Major-General Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He arose in the meeting and read the words of the song from a sheet of foolscap paper, the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks as he read. I was much impressed, and immediately requested the privilege of making a copy. He gave me the copy from which he read. I wrote the music for the song while on the stage coach one hot summer afternoon between the Glen Falls House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sung it in the parlors of the hotel and thought it pretty, though we scarcely anticipated the popularity which was subsequently accorded it. It was afterwards published in sheet form in Cincinnati."

CASTING OUR CARE ON HIM.

O Lord, how happy should we be,
If we could cast our cares on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!

This poem, by Professor Joseph Anstice, was first published in his posthumous Hymns, 1836, and contained five stanzas of six lines each. It became very widely known from its having been included in 1841 in the Child's Christian Year, and since then it has passed into general use in Great Britain and America. The poem was probably inspired by the verse of the Psalmist, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Two men were neighbors, and each of them had a wife and several little children; and their daily labor was all they had for their support. One of these men became anxious, thinking, "If I should die or be taken ill, what will become of my wife and children?" The same thought came to the other man, but he did not feel the same anxiety about it; for said he, "God who knows his creatures, and who watches over them, will also watch over me, my wife, and my children."

One day, while the first of these men was working in the field, sad and dejected on account of his fears, he saw some birds fly into a wood, then come out, and soon after return. On going nearer he saw two nests placed side by side, and in each were some little birds just hatched, and not yet covered with feathers. When he returned to his work, he from time to time raised his eyes and looked at the birds, who went and came, carrying food to their little ones; but at the moment when one of the mothers returned with some food in her bill, a vulture seized her and carried her off, the poor mother vainly struggling in his talons and uttering piercing cries. At this sight the laborer became more anxious than before; for thought he, "The death of the parent is the death of the children. My children have no one to provide for them but myself What then will become of them if I fail them?" All day he remained gloomy and sad, and could not sleep all night. The next day, on returning to the field, he said to himself, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor bird-mother; many of them are, doubtless, dead by this time." So saying, he directed his steps towards the wood; but what was his amazement, on looking into the nest, to see the little birds quite lively—not one starved among them. Struck with this sight, he hid himself to observe the cause. In a short time he heard a faint cry, and saw the remaining mother bringing in haste the food she had collected, and then distributing it impartially among all the little ones, there being sufficient for every one.

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706 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.

CURRENT ANECDOTES

A paper furnishing illustrations and their morals for religious public speakers.

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FOR THE COMING YEAR—See p. 32.

We have charted the advices received from our readers in answer to the request that each one consider himself an associate editor, and the result is that we can announce that Current Anecdotes will be greatly improved the coming year.

We will not give up the resolution to make each number better than the previous one; and each year a striking improvement over the year before.

Our Easter number came nearer my ideal than any yet published—but we press on.

We give you a few ideas as to what is in store for our readers, and in this connection why not mention Current Anecdotes to your fellow preachers? We might increase our list by throwing down the bars and letting Sunday School teachers in, but we are nailing them up instead. If you appreciate this, and Current Anecdotes helps you, help it to help some other preacher.

THE COMING YEAR—VOL. V.

Illustrative Department. To our excellent list of illustration contributors, Conwell, Dixon, Pierson, Miller, we have added David Gregg, J. F. Carson and William May recently, and will add a half-dozen more—not any better—but the very best preachers you know. We do this to give variety to our contributions.

We are adding to our regular staff of readers, and you can rest assured that everything worth while in the way of illustration will be placed before you. The leading feature of this department will be "Illustrations from Recent Sermons." This in addition to our regular contributions.

Following will be some of the titles of special contributions: Scientific, Historical, Nature, Stories of Hymns, Great Paintings and Their Stories, Classical Stories, Tales of the East, and the special days of the year will be kept in mind in the Preacher's Scrap Book.

Homiletic Department. Dr. Hallock will change his department of the Homiletic Year to "Gist of Recent Sermons" (including the leading illustration or thought), and also Suggestive Outlines or Neglected Texts. The latter will be found suitable for Prayer Meeting. Dr. Hallock has given us his best work the past year and is greatly interested in the new phase it will take the coming year. For the richest feature yet, see Dr. Hallock's Gist of Recent Sermons in this issue.

Prayer Meeting. A page or two will be given up especially to Prayer Meeting. Some ministers feel the burden of that more than any other duty. One set of topics will be fof the studious and another for those who like the more striking themes.

Methods of Church Work. Our readers have suggested that we make this department a place of exchange of successful methods—a clearing house of plans, rather than give the results of one man's experience, excellent as that may be. Rev. Thos. J. Cross, Baltimore, will edit it. He was for some time with Russell H. Conwell, in Philadelphia.

Sermon Department. We have decided to search the world over for the best. We have two sermons from Charles Wagner, to whom President Roosevelt wrote, "I preach your books to my countrymen." He is an Alsatian who is moving men in his country. We have several of Reginald Campbell's sermons—you know he is successor to Dr. Parker. And we read hundreds of sermons each year in our efforts to give you the best.

In fact we reject enough material to fill another magazine each month. Many say Current Anecdotes is the most helpful preachers' magazine published—we do not say, but if not, and thought and time and money will make it that—then it shall be.

31,173 **Verses in the Bible.** Did you know that there were 31,173 verses in the Bible? The important words in each of these verses are commented upon in the New Biblical Encyclopedia, the information having been gleaned from hundreds of different authorities.

Then there are outlines of the principal texts, with over 10,000 illustrative anecdotes and facts. In fact, every one of the 4,500 pages in the five large volumes are packed with pertinent information. Differs from other commentaries in that it gives you light and inspiration, whatever your text may be.

Over ten years of literary labor has been expended upon this work recently by Mr. George M. Adams and his assistants. This, in addition to the time originally spent upon it, gives a total of about twenty-five years.

It is the custom for publishers to put a large price on a new work to cover the cost of the plates, but in this case it has been made very reasonable—$15.00 in payments of $3.00 per month—so that it is easily within the reach of the minister on the smallest salary. Published by F. M. Barton, 106-112 Caxton building, Cleveland, O.

PRAYER MEETING DEPARTMENT.

"STUDIES IN THE TEACHING OF JESUS AND HIS APOSTLES."

[From the book of the above title, copyrighted 1901, and reproduced here by permission of The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.]

JESUS' CONCEPTION OF MEN AS POTENTIAL DISCIPLES.

First Week: Jesus' Interest in Men.

1. In the two preceding parts of the book we have considered "Jesus' Conception of Himself and His Mission," and "The Apostolic Conception of Jesus and His Mission." We come now naturally to "Jesus' Conception of the Disciple and His Mission." Such a study needs to be prefaced by a study of Jesus' attitude toward men in general.

2. One of the most striking characteristics of Jesus was His wonderful interest in men. His apostles are upon record as impressed by the effect produced upon Him by the sight of crowds of men, an effect doubtless revealed in the expression of His eye and face, as well as in word and action. Read Matt, 9: 35, 36; 14: 13, 14. Much dealing with men in the mass did not, as is sometimes the case, cause His interest in individual men to abate. The last verse cited above shows how quickly He resolved the mass into cases of individual need. See also Luke 4: 40. No greater evidence of His interest appears anywhere than in the account of His quiet interview with the one nameless woman of Samaria. See John 4: 27-34.

Read His two most comprehensive descriptions of Himself. Luke 4: 16-21; 7: 18-22, noting that their prominent characteristic is interest in men—and men who were not possessed of any extrinsic attractiveness, but who were just men.

He made it very evident that His supreme interest was in the "Kingdom of God," but this "Kingdom" is made up of men.

3. His interest included all classes, even those commonly regarded as socially and morally unfit for the society of religious men. Read Mark 2: 13-16. Note what Mark 10: 13-16 indicates regarding His interest in a bare human personality, as compared with the current thought even of good men.

See how in Mark 2: 27 His elevation of personality above institutions shows where His supreme interest centers.

Try to realize the interest in men which prompted the utterance recorded in Mark 10: 45.

He represented this interest in a human personality as not peculiar to Himself, but as shared by God and heaven. Recall the illustrations taken from the life of the shepherd-folk and the housewife, and His description of the Glad Father in Luke 15, reading particularly vv. 7, 10, 20-24.

"Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men."

—Tennyson, In Memoriam.

Second Week: Jesus' Conception of What it is for a Man to be Lost.

1. It goes without saying that Jesus' profound interest in man was not assumed or artificial, but real. No one can be sincerely interested in a thing unless the thing itself be interesting. Sometimes it is one's own fault that he is not interested in what ought to interest him; but granted that he is what he ought to be, as Jesus was, and it is true that if he is to feel interest in a thing, the thing must be interesting. The question arises, therefore, What was there about a man, considered simply as a man, that made him seem interesting and valuable to Jesus?

Before reading further on this page consider any utterances of Jesus about men which you happen to remember, and express your opinion on this point.

2. When He was called to account for His interest in the publican Zacchæus, what does His reply indicate to have been the one or two interesting features of Zacchæus' personality? Read Luke 19: 9, 10. Cf. also Mark 2: 16, 17.

3. Jesus was evidently affected by the fact that men with whom He had to do were "lost," as He expressed it. What is it, then, in Jesus' thought to be "lost?" The best commentary on the word is found in Luke 15. Read vv. 1-10, noting that it is the publicans spoken of in the passage cited above as lost, that are under discussion. A thing is lost when it gets away from the place where it belongs, and is in danger of never getting back. A person is lost when he gets away from the person to whom he belongs, and is in danger of not getting back. One person may get away from another without being separated from him in space. A child who cares nothing for his father, and would be equally content to go with any one of the hundreds of persons passing him and his father on the streets, is more hopelessly "lost" to his father than is the child who, a block away from his father, stands frightened and crying for him. Read Luke 15: 11, 32, and consider what it was that constituted the son "lost" (5: 24) in the estimation of his father. Now turn again to Luke 19: 10, and state what it was in the persons of the class to which this man belonged that constituted them "lost."

Third Week: Jesus' Conception of What it is for a Man to be Lost—Concluded.

1. A person is "lost" if he becomes spiritually estranged from those to whom he belongs and upon association with whom the welfare of his being depends. The question arises, To whom did Jesus consider men to belong? The answer is patent in the teaching of Jesus. Read Matt. 22:37-40. Men belong to God and to each other. Those who do not care for God and for each other are "lost." A son who does not care for his father and his brothers is "lost" to the family. This is simply one way of describing the profoundly selfish man.

2. Is it possible to ascertain from the

teaching of Jesus what the fate of the lost man is? In other words, What does He represent to be the effects of selfishness upon the personality of the selfish man? Read Matt. 25:41-46, and ascertain whether it throws any light on Jesus' conception of the fate of the man who fails to care for God and his fellow men. Evidently some of the language used here is figurative, but what seems to you to be the dreadful fact behind the figure?

A significant clause in the description of a selfish man's fate is found in John 12:24, 25. A man who insists on living for himself, who refuses to care for God and his fellow men, in the nature of the case cannot form friendships. The friend-making power is destroyed by disuse, and he is, therefore, condemned by the law of his own being to eternal solitude. He must "abide alone." What the ultimate effect of this eternal solitude upon the personality is, the teaching of Jesus does not reveal. The two royal faculties of the soul, the ability to love and the ability to achieve, would seem to be destroyed. The soul has cut itself off from friends and work. It has "departed" (Matt. 25:41) from the personality who is Himself the great Friend and the great Workman, the source of all friendship and achievement. Such a soul takes its place with the drift and refuse of the universe, "unprofitable," good for nothing. Read Matt. 25:30.

3. Whether this be or be not a true view of Jesus' conception of the fate of the "lost" personality, it is certain that Jesus regarded the fate of the lost as an inconceivably lamentable catastrophe. Read the solemn warning in Luke 9:25.

"Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell."—Milton, Paradise Lost.

Fourth Week: Jesus' Conception of What it is for a Man to be Found.

1. One of the most interesting characteristics of man is his capacity for becoming lost. A commonplace, every-day man, like those with whom Jesus was constantly mingling, is capable of becoming a lost man—may already be a lost man. On the other hand, he is capable of becoming something diametrically the opposite of this state of "lostness."

2. If to be lost is to fail to care for God as a Father and for men as brothers, then to be "found," or to be "saved," both of which were favorite words of Jesus, is to be brought to feel a vital, personal interest in God as a Father and men as brothers. It is to take one's proper place in God's family. Read again Luke 15:18-24, this time in order to see the new feeling for God as a Father which constitutes the "lost" man "found" (v. 24), and enables him to take his place in the Father's household.

Study the case of the lost man described in Luke 19: 1-10, whom Jesus succeeded in finding (vv. 9, 10), and see in what his "foundness" consisted. It is not evident whether he regarded Jesus as the Messiah or not, but at least he regarded Him as a prophet of God, and felt delighted surprise at the unexpected honor of entertaining Him. He seemed to feel, however, that when Jesus learned who he was (v. 7), He would instantly withdraw from him as all the other religious men he had ever known had done. He resolved to keep his guest at any cost, and on the spot formed and expressed a resolution (v. 8) that drew from Jesus the glad recognition of the fact that he was "saved" or "found" (vv. 9, 10). What was it in his attitude toward God, as expressed in his treatment of God's prophet—or Messiah if he recognized Him as such—and in his attitude toward men, as expressed in his new resolution, that shows him to have taken his proper place in God's family?

"The poor represent man stripped of all extrinsic attributes of honor, and reduced to that which is common to all mankind. On this naked humanity the world has ever set little value. It begins to interest itself in a man when he is clothed with some outward distinction of wealth or birth or station. A mere man is a social nobody. Christ, on the other hand, highly valued in man only his humanity, accounting nothing he could possess of such importance as he himself was or might become."

—Bruce, The Kingdom of God.

Note.—This book, 217 pages, will be sent postpaid for $1.00 by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O.

*ADDITIONAL PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

*From the Congregational Hand Book, by permission of the publishers, The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

October 4-10—Giving: Opportunities, Responsibilities, and Privileges. 2 Cor. 6-15; 1 Cor. 16: 1-4.

The various channels. Different systems of giving. Training the young. What proportion of income should be the ideal?

October 11-17—Machine and Spirit in Christian Work. 1 Cor. 12.

Over-organization vs. under-organization. Examples of successful combination of both. Safe guards against perfunctory service.

October 18-24—The Defects of the Church as Specified by Outsiders. I Pet. 3: 8-16.

What adverse judgments have you heard recently? Difference between sincere and captious criticism.

October 25-31—The Influence of Our Church in This Community. Rom. 15: 1-7; Heb. 10: 19-25; 1 Pet. 4: 1-11.

Is it growing? What retards its further advance? To what ends should it be more strenuously directed?

Comparison of the Churches.

In these days of church union talk, there comes up the question as to which denomination is doing the most effective work. And while only the Master himself knows, still all the principal denominations present statistics. And early in the year, as far as statistics will tell, we will present a comparison that will be exceedingly interesting. One feature will be the comparison of ministers' salaries. This number will be very interesting, but there are special articles in every number that are interesting; some worth the price of a year's subscription.

UNUSUAL.

An infidel went to a Quaker minister with what he declared to be an unanswerable argument against the resurrection of the body. "What is that?" inquired the Quaker. "It is a fact," said the infidel, "that the human body contains a certain percentage of phosphorous. Now, it has been estimated that in the earth's crust there is not sufficient phosphorus to supply all the bodies that have existed. Consequently, a physical resurrection is a scientific impossibility."

The Quaker was thoughtful for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Well, we Christians are all right, anyway!" "How do you make that out?" inquired the infidel. "Why," said the Quaker, "the Bible declares that the dead in Christ shall rise first; and you fellows will have to scratch around and get your own phosphorus."

A boy's theology: "I was a tough fellow. I was born again, and am twins. The good fellow has the bad fellow down, and will keep him there."

A servant in Dunoon went to a Gospel meeting, where she professed to have received great help. When she got home, she said to her mistress, "Oh! I have got such a blessing at the meeting." "Ah! well," was the cautious reply of her mistress, "we shall see in the morning, Lizzie, whether it is or no." The mistress felt the way in which the work was done in the house, would prove whether there was any blessing in the heart.

A member of Parliament dilating on the services he had rendered to "the Borough which he had the honor to represent," asked with a flourish of his arms towards the assembled electors and non-electors, "Now what do you think your member has been doing in London?"

"Aye! there's no telling!" was the response of an honest dame, suspiciously shaking her head as she sat near to the platform listening to the orator.

"Tommie, you canna go the jaunt," said a mother to her wee Scotch laddie, who was wishful to go with a Sunday School picnic.

"Why, mother?" asked the little fellow.

"Because you are too wee."

"Oh! but mother, I'll be bigger the morn."

Dr. Norman Macleod met one of his hearers, who was beating his donkey in an unmerciful manner. Turning round the man saw the doctor, whereupon he exclaimed:

"Eh, Mr. Macleod, it is just as true as the gospel what you were saying yesterday, that through muckle tribulation we maun enter the Kingdom; naebody can tell the trouble I hae wi' that donkey o' mine!"

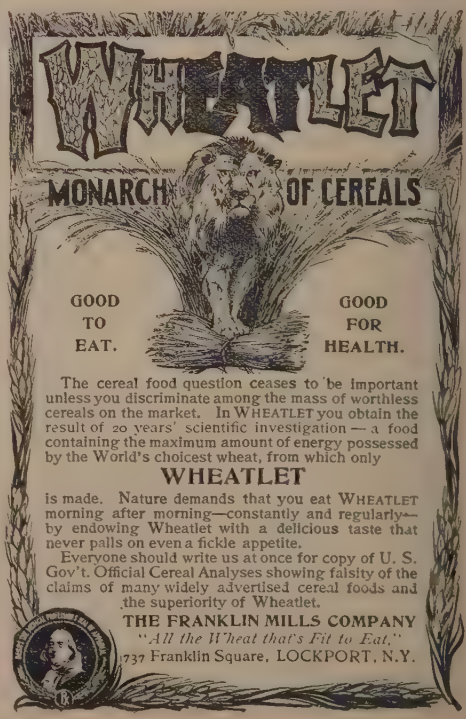
"John," was the lightning-like reply, "If it is a question of tribulation, I think the donkey will be there before you are."

A lady, her husband and little girl were seated together in a religious service, in which the leader asked all persons who had ever been baptized to rise Instantly a large company of people stood, the lady with the rest. When she had again seated herself, the little one wriggled over closely to her and whispered quite audibly: "Why, mamma, you were never baptized, were you?" "Hush!" replied the mother, "Of course I have been baptized." "Well, then," persisted the tiny inquisitor, "it didn't 'take,' did it?" Possibly she had in mind a recent vaccination, and thought that baptism ought to produce just as visible results, and the little girl was right.

A learned judge at a dinner was unexpectedly called upon to reply to a toast. Recovering somewhat from his surprise, he said his situation reminded him of a man who fell into the water while he was fishing. With no little difficulty he was rescued; and, after he had regained his breath, his rescuer asked him how he came to fall into the water. "I did not come to fall into the water," replied the unfortunate fisherman, "I came to fish."—Christian Register.

Do You Know from 50 to 100 Preachers?

If you do it costs those who subscribe for Current Anecdotes nothing extra to vote for you to go to Palestine at our expense. See page 62.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QUOTABLE POETRY.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

The following poem was printed in London in 1810. The author is unknown even though a large sum was offered as a reward to anyone who would discover the author.

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat;
What beauteous visions filled this spot;
What dreams of pleasure, long forgot!
Nor life, nor love, nor joy, nor fear
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shown the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void,
Nor sigh for greatness thus destroyed.
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed;
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affliction's humble shed,
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.
"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."
The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."
Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."
"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."
While Arab sage doth impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."
From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."
The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—Rev. Philip Burrows Strong.

AT HAND.

The reign of God! His light and love and joy!
In glad consent I take His guiding hand;
In the bright sunshine where I live and move,
This quickening impulse is His kind command.

In Him I am. In Him I move and live;
He lives and moves and loves and is in me;
Direct my thoughts, dear Father; let me give
My heart, my voice, my strength, my all, to Thee.

Yes, when I choose, I hear my Father's voice,
His word my conscience, and His joys my joys!
Among the children of the King I stand;
My God is here. His kingdom is at hand!

—Edward Everett Hale.

BE STRONG.

Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!
Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
And fold the hand and acquiesce—oh, shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!
It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long;
Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the song.

—Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

A THOUGHT OF HIM.

If ever Jesus has need of me,
Somewhere in the field of sin,
I'll go where the darkest places be,
And let the sunshine in,
I'll be content with the lowliest place
To earth's remotest rim;
I know I'll see his smiling face,
If it's done with a thought of him.

I'll fill each day with the little things
As the passing moments fly,
The tendril which to the great oak clings,
Grows strong as it climbs on high.
I'll trust my Lord, though I cannot see,
Nor e'er let my faith grow dim;
He'll smile—and that's enough for me—
If it's done with a thought of him.

—The Witness.

SERMON DEPARTMENT.

VISION OF GOD.

By REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL, successor to Joseph Parker at the City Temple, London.

[This sermon was preached Sunday, June 21, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and is given here by permission of, and is copyrighted, 1903, by The Brooklyn Eagle.]

For a little time this morning let me talk quietly and informally upon a subject which we may entitle "A Vision of God," or, if you like, you can call it simply just "Seeing God." We have two texts; the first I dare say you have found for yourselves now. It is: Matthew 5:8: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." And the second is, John 14:7 (the words of Jesus, but this time almost at the point of saying goodby): "If ye had known me ye should have known my Father also, but from henceforth ye know Him and have seen Him."

The former of our two texts, as I need not remind you, is a part of that compendium of the teaching of Jesus which we have been accustomed to describe as "The Sermon on the Mount." It may be a question, however, whether our Lord on this occasion at any rate did deliver a sermon, if He ever delivered a sermon, but I do not myself believe that these beautiful deathless words were spoken to a great multitude. The indications are to the contrary. Observe the closing verses of the fourth chapter, how multitudes pressed upon the Master and He healed them and, seeing the number increased and that the time had come to withdraw from them He did so, and the first verse of our chapter says: "Seeing the multitudes he went up into a mountain; and when He was set His disciples came unto Him." Not the multitude, but a few, and I venture to believe that our Lord gathered around Him there a little group of people whom He meant to teach, slowly, carefully, painstakingly, the solemn truths about the kingdom.

Everybody knew that Christ had to come with good tidings about the kingdom, because everybody was looking for that kingdom. But what kind of a kingdom? In the mind of the Jew of that day what kind of a kingdom was the Kingdom of God about which everybody was speaking? As you know, the Roman eagles were then set up in Israel; the Roman soldiers were tramping Jewish patriotism under foot, and the Jewish people hated, with a bitter hatred, those who had dragged their religion and patriotism in the dust. They were looking for a Messiah who should do the same; like Maccabeus did when he swept the Roman eagles out; set up the Israelitish kingdom, nay more, grasping the scepter of the Caesars, he wielded it over imperial Rome and ancient Israel. That was the spirit of the kingdom they were looking for. A good many people have had the same dream since that day. Savonarola had it, and for a time it seemed he had brought it about in Florence. You know how that kingdom flourished. Before very long the apostle thereof had been done to death at the stake in Florence by the people he came to serve. So it has almost always been with the prophets. Our Puritan fathers had that dream. They could not realize it in England, so some of them came here, and the very name of your church perpetuates the history of that time. It was a magnificent failure, and it is only coming to its triumph now.

The kingdom of God is a thing that comes slowly. Men have hoped for it through the long centuries. Some day, some day we shall see it when "the earth is filled with knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." The advent of Jesus was prepared for by the apostle in the wilderness. "Is He the one, then, who shall restore the kingdom of God in Israel?" said Peter and James and John. "Now," said they, "we shall hear about the kingdom." How did Jesus begin to teach them? Observe the slight discrepancy between Matthew and Luke. This gives me a clew to the way the Master taught on the mountain top. You see that Matthew began: "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for their's is the kingdom of heaven." Luke's version is: "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." Which is right? Which is wrong? Both right; neither wrong; and it is certain that Jesus said both. Each beatitude was a lesson for the day. Perhaps Jesus began this way: "You are expecting to hear about the kingdom. Well, now, Peter, how do you suppose that the kingdom will come?" Peter would say: "We have all got to enlist. We will follow you. Lift up the old banner of Israel, and see how many will come to your side." "What sort of people will I want first, Peter?" "First you must call in the Pharisees. They are the natural leaders of Israel; they are our religious authority; they are the men who pull the first stroke. Let us call them and we shall take our places behind them. Such are the recruits of the kingdom." The Master would say: "Now listen, Peter, blessed are the poor men—yourselves, for yours is the kingdom of God." There would be a dead silence, I will be bound; because, however things are inAmerica, it is a little bit different in the old world. Over our way the poor man does not reckon himself to be of much account when it comes to founding kingdoms. The Master would go on: "You get your living on the sea, you fishermen who draw nets in the night. You people whom nobody wants or counts when anything big is to be done. Blessed are the poor; for yours is the kingdom of God, if you only knew it." Again, there would be silence, and the Master would continue: "There is no chance for the poor man at all. A poor man has to keep quiet in the presence of his betters; he has to take what another man says; he has to give place to the rich man. The spirit natural to a poor man he may keep, or he may not. Some poor men don't, and as the spirit natural to the rich man is not that one, but blessed is that man, whether poor or rich, who can keep the spirit of a poor man.

Now, look for a moment at the first part. Matthew sat with his pencil and waited for

the second. He wrote down: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God." That would do for one day. Another day the Master said: "Peter, John, would you like to see the God to whom we have together prayed? Would you like to see Him?" "Impossible!" would be the reply. "Clouds and darkness are wound about Jehovah; there is danger on Mount Sinai; thunder and lightning guard the throne of God. No man hath seen God at any time. To look upon God! Ah, that would be to die! I am undone when I have seen the Lord of Hosts." Then the Master would say: "Stay a little. There are more ways than one of seeing a thing. I can give you a vision of God. Blessed are the pure in heart, who are seeking the kingdom, for they shall see the King." I venture to say, my friends, that none of those simple men understood more than just a little of what the Master meant. They did not alter their minds nor outlook upon the kingdom in the least. They followed Him for a year and a half, maybe—how much longer I do not know—and still they did not see what He meant by the kingdom and the vision. That was given to the poor in heart. And at last they come to the "upper room," and there they gathered round about Him. They did not know it, but it was to say goodbye before the tragedy of Calvary, the central event in the world's history. Jesus spoke about going away, and they felt, for the first time, how much they were going to lose, supposing the Master was not to be the Messiah after all. Supposing Jesus went away. They did not want Him to go. They had learned to love Him, and I am sure you will agree with me when I say, although they were not aware of it, they had never been so near to God before as when they were sitting at the feet of Jesus. They never made any creed about it, but somehow they felt that they had come into contact with the Father as they had never done before. Jesus was going, and at the terrible news their hearts sank. "I shall show you of the Father." "Lord, show us the Father, and we shall be satisfied," said one of them. "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not seen the Father? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," said Jesus. Even then they did not get behind the mystical veil as you and I are getting behind it now as I speak. We do not want in a way to crush all God into the figure of the human Jesus, and say: "There, that is all there is and all there is to be." We do not mean that, and Jesus did not mean that. This is all He meant, and it is true: 'If God be like Jesus it is well for men. We may have many things to learn concerning the purposes of God after we have looked upon the face of Christ, but we have nothing more to learn about Himself—He will be the same to all eternity. We cannot explain in human language what we mean when we say: Jesus is God; but, believe me, you will never learn any more about the love of God to all eternity than you know when you have really got a grasp of what is meant by the love of Christ. The thought that Jesus is the Father at once is more to me than any metaphysical proposition. He could guarantee God. "In the bosom of the Father he hath declared Him." There is the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. These men felt all this; it had not become a creed, but it was already an experience; and when my second text was spoken they were nearer to what we know as a vision of God than they had ever been before. This is only exordium. I want to apply it.

We are just in the position of these simple men, and are seeking, as they sought, for the vision of God. As Dr. Hillis said yesterday, quoting some one else, men are incurably religious. Yes, often when they seem not to be. Sometimes men will not listen to a preacher because they feel that he knows no more than they do about that mysterious somewhat who hides His face behind the clouds. I do not believe there is a man in New York or Brooklyn who would not this morning, if he could, have a vision of the Most High; and if he could, without trouble and sorrow and sacrifice, he would be among the great company who stand, adoring, round the throne of God. I believe there is something in us that protests for God. As Augustine said: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are not at rest until they find rest in Thee." This is the mood in which we find ourselves. How many of us have a vision of God? Have you, have you? No; there is very little in our outward life to remind us of God at all. In the struggle for the dollar we cannot see much of God. In America politics sometimes makes you wonder if He has taken His hand off the helm. Then it may take a cataclysm—it may be a civil war—to deepen within you all that you should have thought of before. God is, in our most deep and solemn moments we feel it, and we have and can have no companion but Him; and when we seek Him we—just as Peter and John did—turn to Christ craving. We feel a need somehow, and if there is a way unto God for us, if the curtain could ever be drawn aside, the way must be Jesus, it will be His hand that draws aside the curtain that veils the seen from the unseen. The best of humanity have felt it—the noblest that England and America have produced have felt it that the Christ has given us God. It is Jesus' God that we worship, and I confess I never say my prayers to the Father without somehow looking into the face of the Son. Jesus gives me all I want of God. If there is a craving not yet satisfied it will be by and by; we shall see and know more on the other side than we were privileged to see here. Yesterday, at luncheon, Dr. Hillis and a few friends were talking about your illustrious pastor, Mr. Beecher, and one of them told me this story, which is probably familiar to you, but it struck home to me for the first time. It was given on the authority of Major Pond, whom I expected to see here this morning, and very sorry I am for the reason that keeps him away: Not long before his death Mr. Beecher and Major Pond were together and Beecher, leaning forward, without introduction said, with tears in his eyes: "Pond, think of it, only think of it, soon I shall see Jesus!" That was spoken in the nineteenth century. Let me remind you of something which was written in the twelfth.

Beecher might have said it, but it was not Beecher; it was St. Bernard:

Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.

I am told that for 40 years or more you have had flowers on this platform every Sunday. Is that so? Suppose somebody in the audience to be color blind. The white and the gold and the green will be all the same to him—probably the color of this New York June, that is gray. I am also told that there is something like a renaissance in America of enthusiasm for art. The gospel of the beautiful is here everywhere, and men will listen to that gospel. Now, suppose you are asked to tell me what the sense of beauty is. There is no man or woman in the church who could tell me anything about it because we do not know. It is one of God's mysteries. One of the great wonders of the human spirit is that there is beauty to be seen; but you have to know something of these flowers before you see them to be beautiful. The beauty is there to begin with and then you see it here. This is but a sacrament. You are united to the great whole of things when you see these flowers to be beautiful. They speak to you of God simply because you are like God yourself. There is a beauty within that resides there—a symbol of the beauty without. Nor is that all. The purity of heart, of which the Master speaks, which is bringing something to the vision, you understand, is not to be confused with purity of character. They may be the same, but they may not. When I speak about the heart of a little child I am speaking about purity of heart; but a little child, you know, is not a saint. The saint and the child are near together, but the child has a long way to go before it comes round to the saint. Purity of heart is not purity of character, but it implies simplicity, earnestness, single-mindedness, humility. Now, believe me, I do not want to attempt, to pretend, to teach you how to govern yourselves in America. I have noticed already that there is one virtue in which you do not excel any more than we do at home—that is humility. I should very much like to see that gift flourish on both sides of the Atlantic. Mark Twain says, somewhere, that he discovered, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, that the English were mentioned in the Bible—in the Beatitudes—"The meek shall inherit the earth." Well, our cousins on this side can help us out. Humility is not a fashionable virtue in Anglo-Saxon countries. However, it may suit us as nationalities to hold our own because of the commission God hath given us to the world, when we come to our dealings with God, a broken and a contrite heart is the way in. There is no way round. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" No. But unto the babes He is revealed. You can be simple sometimes in a time of trouble. It is wonderful how we strip the trappings off and our real self appears when we are bowed down. Sometimes a man discovers himself in the hour of darkness. He never knew what he was until that season came. That is God's chance. Whenever a man is low down, with the cross on top of him, that is the time to feel the pressure of God's hand; and somehow we all turn wistfully to Jesus when there is any question of a broken heart. He is the Comforter, the Savior; and, best of all, He is a Savior who can save and the Comforter who can comfort, for He sits up there on the throne of the Universe, Lord over all. The other day I met with some wonderful testimony concerning this very truth.

I am not attempting to prove it; I am only holding it up. A young man who is at work in London told me this concerning his life in America and England. He is the son of a British general, born to high estates himself, and was an officer in the British army. His commission was taken from him for bad conduct and he was exiled at home. He came to this country, went from bad to worse and sank lower and lower, until at last he became a common soldier—shall I say a private soldier?—in your army when it disposed of Spanish pretensions a little south of here. Perhaps I have not stated that properly. He went from bad to worse, but there was a gleam of something better when he enlisted. After the war he left the army and went on his own resources. He said there was scarcely any sin he did not commit—sins of the flesh, I mean. We are harder on those, somehow, than we are on sins of a different kind. If a man makes a pile he can sin with impunity, but if a man has little to spend and gives away his constitution, we dance upon him. In a public house brawl he was brought to book. They threatened to kill him and said he was a wild beast, not a man. He left that place and went back to the west and got a situation as a gardener—this son of a British general. Then he came to himself in the "far country." It was not an earthly father he was thinking about—he was afraid to go home to him—but of a heavenly one. He didn't know much about God, but this is his account of it: "I was at work one day," he said, "when I seemed to hear a voice within, a voice not my own, protesting and calling me. It seemed as if the spirit of all things was speaking to me. I found myself saying (I do not know why), 'If you will help me, I will.' That was Pauline in its significance. I had never heard anything like it." He went to a minister to see if he could not be put on the right way. The minister could not understand what he was driving at, so he left him; bought a Bible and turned up the chapter you and I read this morning, the fourteenth of John. "Up to that time," he said, "I had a thousand times repeated in church, as a child, at the tail end of the collect, the phrase 'through Jesus Christ our Lord,' but I never knew who Jesus was."

Now when I read these words I found out: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me," and "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." I said to myself: Now, I know who Jesus is. "His was the voice that spake to me in the garden." It is good theology. Christ has far more to do with you than you have with Him, and what I have been telling you this morning is indelible truth. You could not wipe it out with the worst life that ever was lived. Christ is the spirit of all things, the Master of

all. He is the deeper self within the soul of every man, no matter how sunken or low down. The Christ came, the Christ follows, the Christ saves.

Then, to enter into union with such a Christ is possible here and now. There are some here who found that out long ago, who know there is a Christ. If we denied it they would say: "I know whom I have believed." "But you cannot see Him." Yes, you can. Communion of the soul is the only real communion. You can live close up to the Christ, and look up into His godlike face all the time, and no one can take you from Him, and you can feel, if you cannot prove, that the Christ cares for you and belongs to you and speaks to you. He looks upon you and you know His face. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and you know that because you are trying to bring something to the Christ—a broken life which He is mending, a faulty character which He is to cure, and Christ takes just what you have to bring and makes it whole.

There is another name I should like to mention before I close: John Zundel. I never saw him, but I remember reading about him and that great organ, if it is the same one. Mr. Beecher said, some organists never knew what to play when the sermon was over. "But," he said, "John Zundel does. According to what I have said, he speaks on the organ." Suppose one entered the church just after Mr. Beecher had finished speaking and heard John play. He had not heard what had gone before and might cry out: "Play up, not so plaintive; something faster. I am not in the mood for what you are playing." The congregation would soon put him right. They would say: "You would have been in the mood for it if you had heard what had gone before." All was speaking together. Your poet, Whittier, wrote:

> For myself alone I doubt
> All is well, I know, without.
> I alone the beauty mar,
> I alone the music jar.
> Yet with hands by evil stained,
> And an ear by discord pained,
> I am groping for the key
> Of the heavenly harmony.

We are all groping for the keys of the heavenly harmony. We want to be at one with God, and we are not. Perhaps some day with unbroken harmony around the throne, when we see the "King in His beauty" in the "land that is afar off," we shall understand how much we owe to the invisible Friend, whom "not having seen, we love," and yet whom we do see with the heart that craves for a brighter vision still. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

A

SERMON

PREACHED AT

St. *Mary*'s in *OXFORD*,

On SUNDAY, *September* 21, 1735.

By JOHN WESLEY, M. A.
Fellow of *Lincoln* College, OXON.

Publiſh'd at the Requeſt of ſeveral of the Hearers.

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Wesley's First Printed Sermon.

PREACHED BEFORE HE WAS CONVERTED.

This sermon will be read with considerable interest when it is known that it was preached prior to the time that Wesley afterwards considered himself converted. It would be considered today a spiritual if not evangelistic appeal. While at Oxford his religious life was inclined to asceticism. His brother Charles was not in sympathy with his ideas at first, but in 1729 he underwent a change. At this time Charles and his friends were given the name of Methodists. On his return to Oxford, John entered the club and soon became its leader. Whitefield joined them later. They continued until 1735, making personal appeals to others to follow righteousness, visiting the sick and doing other practical work.

It was late in 1735 that John and Charles sailed for Florida to preach to the colonists and carry on missionary work among the Indians.

His association with the Moravians on this journey and their conduct during a storm led him to consider if he had fully received Christ. It was not until May 24, 1738, when in a religious meeting he heard read Luther's Introduction to the Epistle of Romans that he was fully satisfied that he had full assurance of salvation.

In his journal he says, "He who went to America to convert others, was not himself converted to God."

In view of these circumstances the sermon preached in 1735 is valuable. A copy is in the Princeton library, and from that copy the following was written:

SERMON BY JOHN WESLEY.

Job 3: 17.

There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

When God at first surveyed all the works He had made, behold, they were very good. All were perfect in beauty, and man, the Lord of all, was perfect in holiness. And as his holiness was, so was his happines; knowing no sin, he knew no pain. But when sin was conceived, it soon brought forth pain. The whole scene was changed in a moment. He now groaned under the weight of a mortal body, and what was far worse, a corrupted soul. That spirit which could have borne all his other infirmities, was itself wounded and sick unto death. Thus in the day wherein he sinned, he began to die; and thus, in the midst of life we are in death; yea, the whole creation groaneth together, being in bondage to sin, and therefore to misery. The whole world is, indeed, in its present state, only one great infirmary; all that are therein are sick of sin, and their one business there is to be healed. And for this very end, the great Physician of Souls is continually present with them; marking all the diseases of every soul, and giving medicines to heal its sickness. These medicines are often painful too; not that God willingly afflicts His creatures, but He allots them just as much pain as is necessary to their health; and for that reason, because it is so.

The pain of cure must then be endured by every man, as well as the pain of sickness. And herein is manifest the infinite wisdom of Him who careth for us, that the very sickness of those with whom he converses may be a great means of every man's cure. The very wickedness of others is, in a thousand ways, conducive to a good man's holiness. They trouble him 'tis true but even that trouble is health to his soul, and marrow to his bones. He suffers many things from them; but it is to this end, that he may be made perfect thro' those sufferings. But as perfect holiness is not found on earth, so neither is perfect happiness; some remains of our disease will ever be felt, and some physic be necessary to heal it. Therefore we must be more or less subject to the pain of cure, as well as the pain of sickness, and accordingly, neither do the wicked here cease from troubling, nor can the weary be at rest.

Who then will deliver us from the body of this death? Death will deliver us. Death will set those free in one moment who were all their life time subject to bondage.

Death shall destroy at once the whole body of sin, and therewith of its companion, pain. And therefore, there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest.

The Scriptures give us no account of the place where the souls of the just remain from death to the resurrection. But we have an account of their state in these words; in explaining which I shall consider,

I. How the wicked do here trouble good men. And,

II. How the weary are there at rest.

Let us consider: First, how the wicked here trouble good men. And this is a spacious field. Look round the world, take a view of all the troubles therein; how few are there whereof the wicked are not the occasion. From whence come wars and fightings among you? Whence all the ills that embitter society? That often turn that highest of blessings into a curse, and make it good for man to be alone? Come they not hence, from self-will, pride, inordinate affection; in one word, from wickedness. And can it be otherwise, so long as it remains upon earth? As well may the Ethiopian change his skin, as a wicked man cease to trouble both himself and his neighbor; but especially good men. Inasmuch as, while he is wicked, he is continually injuring either them, or himself, or God.

First, wicked men trouble those who serve God, by the injuries they do them. As at first, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the spirit, even so it is now. And so it must be till all things are fulfilled; till heaven and earth pass away, all that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution. For there is an irreconcilable enmity between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world. If the followers of Christ were of the world, the world would love its own; but, because they are not of the world, therefore the world hateth them. And this hatred they will not fail to show by their words. "They will say all manner of evil against them falsely; they will find out many inventions whereby even the God that is in them may be evil spoken of. And in a thousand instances lay to their charge the ill that they know not."

From words in due time they proceed to deeds; treating the servants as their forefathers did their master, wronging and despitefully using them in as many ways as fraud can invent, and force accomplish.

'Tis true, these troubles sit heaviest upon those who are yet weak in the faith; and the more of the spirit of Christ any man gains, the lighter do they appear to him; so that to him who is truly renewed therein, who is full of the knowledge and love of GOD, all the wrongs of wicked men are not only no evils, but are matter of real and solid joy. But still, tho' he rejoices for his own sake, he cannot but grieve for theirs. He hath great heaviness and continual sorrow in his heart for his brethren, according to the flesh, who are thus treasuring up to themselves wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of GOD. His eyes weep for them in secret places; he is horribly afraid for them; yea, he could even wish to be accursed himself, so they might inherit a blessing. And thus it is that they who cannot only slight, but rejoice in the greatest injury done to them, yet are troubled at that which wicked men do to themselves, and the grievous misery that attends them.

How much more are they troubled at the injuries wicked men are continually offering to God? This was the circumstance which made the contradiction of sinners so severe a trial to our Lord Himself; he that despiseth Me, despiseth Him that sent Me. And how are these despisers now multiplied upon earth? who fear not the Son, neither the Father. How are we surrounded with those,

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Another sermon of Wesley's, preached 18 days after he was converted, will appear in January or February.

who blaspheme the Lord and His anointed, either reviling the whole of His glorious gospel, or making Him a liar as to some of the blessed truths which He hath graciously revealed therein? How many of those who profess to believe the whole, yet in effect preach another gospel; so disguising the most essential doctrines thereof, by their new interpretations, as to retain the words only, but nothing of the faith once delivered to the saints! How many who have not yet made shipwreck of the faith are strangers to the fruits of it? It hath not purified their hearts; it hath not overcome the world. They are yet in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity. They are still lovers of themselves, lovers of the world, lovers of pleasure, and not lovers of GOD. Lovers of GOD? No. He is not in all their thoughts!

They delight not in Him, they thirst not after Him. They do not rejoice in doing His will, neither make their boast of His praise! O faith working by love, whither art thou fled? Surely the Son of Man did once plant thee upon earth. Where then art thou now? Among the wealthy? No. The deceitfulness of riches there chokes the word, and it becometh unfruitful. Among the poor? No. The cares of the world are there, so that it bringeth forth no fruit to perfection. However, there is nothing to prevent its growth among those who have neither poverty nor riches. Yes, the desire of other things and experience shews by a thousand melancholy examples that the allowed desire of any thing, great or small, otherwise than as a means to the one thing needful, will by degrees banish the care of that out of the soul, and unfit it for every good word and work.

Such is the trouble, not to descend to particulars, which are endless, that wicked men continually occasion to the good. Such is the state of all good men while on earth; but it is not so with their souls in Paradise. In the moment wherein they are loosed from the body, they know pain no more. Tho' they are not yet possessed of the fullness of joy, yet all grief is done away. For there the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest.

II. There the weary are at rest, which was the second thing to be considered, not only from those evils, which prudence might have prevented or piety removed even in this life, but from those which were inseparable therefrom, which were their unavoidable portion on earth. They are now at rest, whom wicked men would not suffer to rest before; for into the seat of the spirits of just men none but the spirits of the just can enter. They are at length hid from the scourge of the tongue; their name is not here cast out as evil. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the prophets do not revile or separate them from their company. They are no longer despitefully used and persecuted; neither do they groan under the hand of the oppressor. No injustice, no malice, no fraud is there; they are all Israelites indeed, in whom is no guile. There are no sinners against their own souls; therefore there is no painful pity, no fear for them. There are no blasphemers of God or of His word, no profaners of His name or of His Sabbaths; no denyer of the Lord that bought Him, none that tramples upon the blood of His everlasting covenant. In a word, no earthly or sensual, no devilish spirit; none who do not love the Lord their God with all their heart.

2. There therefore the weary are at rest from all the troubles which the wicked occasioned; and indeed, from all the other evils which are necessary in this world, either as the consequence of sin or for the cure of it. They are at rest, in the first place from bodily pain. In order to judge of the greatness of this deliverance, let but those who have not felt it take a view of one who lies on a sick or deathbed. Is this he that was made a little lower than the angels? How is the glory departed from him! His eye is dim and heavy, his cheek pale and wan, his tongue falters, his hand trembles, his breast heaves and pants, his whole body is now distorted and writhed to and fro, now moist and cold and motionless, like the earth to which it is going. And yet all this which you see is but the shadow of what he feels. You see not the pain that tears his heart, that shoots thro' all his veins, and chafes the flying soul thro' every part of her once loved habitation. Could we see this too, how earnestly should we cry out, "O sin, what hast thou done? To what hast thou brought the noblest part of the visible creation? Was it for this the good God made man? O no! Neither will He suffer it long. Yet a little while and all the storms of life shall be over! And thou shalt be gathered into the storehouse of the dead! And there the weary are at rest."

3. They are at rest from all these infirmities and follies, which they could not escape in this life. They are no longer exposed to the delusions of sense or the dreams of imagination. They are not hindered from feeling the noblest truths by inadvertence, nor do they ever lose the light they have once gained by inattention. They are not entangled with prejudice, nor ever misled by hasty or partial views of the object, and consequently no error is there.

O blessed place, where truth alone can enter! Truth unmixed, undisguised, enlightening every man who cometh into the world. Where there is no difference of opinions, but all think alike, all are of one heart and of one mind. Where that offspring of hell, controversy, which turneth this world upside down, can never come. Where those who have been sawn asunder thereby, and often cried out in the bitterness of their soul, Peace, Peace, shall find what they then sought in vain, even a peace which none taketh from them.

4. And yet all this, inconceivably great as it is, is the least part of their deliverance. For in the moment wherein they shake off the flesh, they are delivered not only from the troubling of the wicked, not only from pain and sickness, from folly and infirmity, but also from sin. A deliverance this, in sight of which all the rest vanish away. This is the triumphal song which everyone heareth when he entereth the gates of Paradise. Thou being dead sinnest no more; sin hath no more dominion over thee. For in that thou diedst, thou diedst unto sin once, but in that thou livest, thou livest unto GOD.

5. There then the weary be at rest. The blood of the Lamb hath heal'd all their sickness, hath wash'd them thoroughly from their wickedness, and cleansed them from their sin. The disease of their nature is cured; they are restored to perfect soundness; they are at length made whole. They no longer mourn the flesh lusting against the spirit; the law in their members is now at an end, and no longer wars against the law of their mind, and brings them into captivity to the law of sin. There is no root of bitterness left, no remains even of that sin which did so easily beset them; no forgetfulness of Him in whom they live, move, and have their being; no ingratitude to their gracious Redeemer, who pour'd out his soul unto the death for them; no unfaithfulness to that blessed spirit who so long bore with their infirmities. In a word, no pride, no self-will is there; so that they who are thus delivered from the bondage of corruption may indeed say one to another, and that in an emphatic sense, Beloved, now we are the children of GOD; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is.

6. Let us view a little more nearly the state of a Christian, at his entrance into the other world. Suppose the silver cord of life just loosed, and the wheel broken at the cistern: the heart can now beat no more; the blood ceases to move; the last breath flies off from the quivering lips, and the soul springs forth into eternity. What are the thoughts of such a soul, that has just subdued her last enemy, death? That sees the body of sin lying beneath her, and is new born into the world of spirits? How does she sing, O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto GOD, who hath given me the victory, thro' our Lord Jesus Christ. O happy day, wherein I begin to live! wherein I taste my native freedom! When I was born of a woman, I had but a short time to live, and that time was full of misery, that corruptible body pressed me down, and enslaved me to sin and pain. But the snare is broken, and I am delivered. Henceforth I know them no more. That head is no more an aching head; those eyes shall no more run down with tears; that heart shall no more pant with anguish or fear, or be weighed down with sorrow or care; those limbs shall no more be racked with pain; yea, sin hath no more dominion over me. At length I have parted from thee, O my enemy, and I shall see thy face no more. I shall never more be unfaithful to my Lord, or offend the eyes of His glory! I am no longer that wavering, fickle, self-inconsistent creature, sinning and repenting, and sinning again! No. I shall never cease, day or night, to love and praise the Lord my God, with all my heart, and with all my strength. But what are ye? Are all these ministering spirits sent forth to minister unto one heir of salvation? Then, dust and ashes, farewell. I hear a voice from heaven saying, Come away, and rest from thy labors; thy warfare is accomplished; thy sin is pardoned, and the days of thy mourning are ended.

7. Brethren, these truths need little application. Believe ye that these things are so? What then hath each of you to do, but to lay aside every weight, and run with patience the race set before him? To count all things else but dung and dross; especially those grand idols, learning and reputation, if they are pursued in any other measure, or with any other view, than as they conduce to the knowledge and love of God. To have this one thing continually in thine heart, when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. To have thy loins ever girt, and thy light burning; to serve the Lord thy God with all thy might; if by any means, when He requireth thy soul of thee, perhaps, in an hour when thou lookest not for Him, thou may'st enter where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary be at rest.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence—live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air;
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burden of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better, saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love.
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.
This life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow—may I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

METHODS DEPARTMENT.

NOTE.—This department will appear regularly hereafter for nine months of the year. It will be in charge of Rev. Thos. J. Cross, of Baltimore, formerly assistant to Russell H. Conwell, in Philadelphia. The following are merely suggestive and do not give a fair representation of the practical helpfulness of this department.—Ed.

PREPARING FOR THE REVIVAL.

I. THE PREACHER'S PART.

Let it be a real forward movement among the churches of one denominatian (if it is not possible to combine.)

This is how the Baptists worked last year with blessed results.

The first week every Baptist church was open in the city—every night—with another pastor preaching. In that way many different pastors brought their own message bearing upon the fact of awaking to the need of a revival. It also brought one church in closer union with other churches of the same denomination. The second week two churches, combined—the pastor of the stronger church preaching, the pastor of the church aiding him. In this way strong and weak churches became better known, their joys and blessings clearer understood. Strong talks on immediate acceptance of God's mercy was urged by the preacher.

The third and fourth week was left to the pastors and their own arrangements were made to suit the conditions.

The pastors did most of the preaching, but also had valuable help from a well-known evangelist who led afternoon meetings and assisted in several churches. The effort caused the members to feel "something was doing!"

It was not only a strong pull, and a long pull—but a pull altogether! Try it fellow pastor—call a meeting of the men of your own denomination and agree to have all your churches open during the week—you preach in some other pulpit—have another to preach for you the first week—then close one church—bend all effort on that one church—two preachers at work. Third and fourth week will develop what next to do.

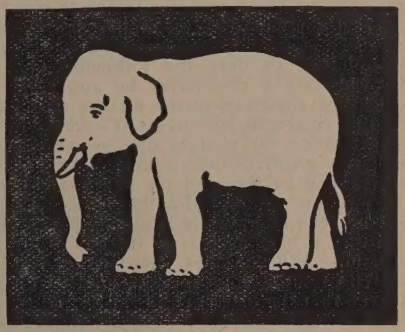
HOW I INTEREST MY YOUNG PEOPLE.

Taking it for granted that every pastor is anxious to make the young people feel that there is genuine interest taken in their welfare, five minutes just preceding the sermon I take out my watch and remind them that the twelve numbers are suggestive of so many lessons (and for three long months, brother pastors, I have had a real good time—I'll pass them along in sections). With the watch before them—I begin with the distinctive phase of life as seen upon the face of my watch.

The number "one" suggests I have only one life. What shall I do with it? There is but one Bible—Do we know what it contains? There is only one Jesus. Do we love Him? Then as you have time and inclination speak of—only one sun, one home, one country, one flag. Seven subjects have thus been discussed—and close with the words "Next Sunday we will talk about the number 'Two.'" Think all you can about it.

A Y. M. C. A. Plan.

The Y. M. C. A., of Holyoke, Mass., cleared off $54,000 debt by floating over its building this striking banner:



OUR WHITE ELEPHANT
10 Years Old Value, $54,000
His "Keep" costs over $2,000 a year.
LET US GET RID OF HIM!

This amused the whole city, and, in the general good-natured subscription that followed, the debt was soon extinguished. Rev. Dr. E. R. Robbins, of Cincinnati, Ohio, used this device with great success in a recent debt-raising campaign in his church.—Church Economist.

USE YOUR LOCAL PAPER.

Rev. P. E. Bauer has induced the editor to give him a column in the local paper to present church news of all denominations. It is to be headed as follows:

FROM A PASTOR'S WINDOW.

Rev. P. E. Bauer will assume responsibility for as much of this column as he may choose. He desires to use this space in the interest of the Stanton churches, civic righteousness and social betterment. Items of interest among the churches, social affairs, temperance movements, athletic doings and civic reforms will be chronicled here as viewed from his study window.—The Editor.

FINANCIAL SCHEME.

As outlined by Rev. Fred Kline, Ravenna, O., in his Church Bulletin.

Every member of the church is interested in what follows. A discussion of finances in the board meeting Monday night resulted in a step by that body nothing short of revolutionary. It was not revolutionary in the sense of violent or ill considered, but because it was decidedly in advance of anything the board has ever done. In short it was a bold and absolute commitment of the church to a strict business policy. It was unusual only by contrast. It was what every business concern does, or wishes it had, but what as yet our church has never bravely tried to do. We

have been preparing for it and trying to work up to it for years, but could not find the place to begin. It was a similar dilemma to that of the States in resuming specie payment. In that crisis Horace Greely advised that "the way to resume is to resume!" It has dawned upon us that the way to begin a business policy is to begin it. It was this conviction that led the board last Monday night, after full discussion and with remarkable agreement of opinion, to pass the following motion: "Moved that a committee be appointed, of which the chairman of the finance committee shall be chairman, to canvass at once the whole congregation for pledges on the year 1903-4, with the positive understanding that no expenses will be incurred for said year beyond the amount assumed by these pledges." It will be seen by any one who studies this motion that it has business in it from beginning to end. Who desires the finances of the church to be on any other basis? It will also be seen that the backbone of the motion is the "positive understanding" that the church is to get next year just what it says it will pay for, nothing more and nothing less. What member of the church will ask to enjoy the privileges of membership and then expect someone else to pay for them? The idea of putting in two new furnaces (as must be done before winter) and asking the trustees to go in debt for them is a thing of the past. The furnaces will be ordered just as soon as the money to pay for them is guaranteed. The same will be true of coal and of every other item of regular or necessary expense throughout the year. To put it in figures it means that a pledge list in the neighborhood of $1,300 must be raised or something omitted that we have been used to. This figure, though seeming large, is entirely within our reach since in the last report of the pledges there lacked but a few hundred dollars of this amount.

For Clergymen Only.

The Ministers Casualty Union was organized in February, 1901, for the purpose of furnishing clergymen accident and sick benefit insurance.

Its plan is ideal, and it has experienced insurance men as managers.

Over $3,400.00 already paid to disabled ministers.

Owing to such excellent risks, and economical management the cost has been phenomenally low.

The Union pays $25 per week for disabling accidents and specific amounts for acute diseases.

No clergymen, elegible to membership, can afford to be without this protection, the small payments required he pays with pleasure, knowing that it is for the relief of some one at just the time needed, and the amount he receives as benefits he receives as his **right** and not as a **charity.**

Send for information to The Ministers' Casualty Union, Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Important to Evangelists.

A famous hymn book in new form, entitled "Consecrated Hymns" is to be obtained on unusually favorable terms to evangelists for their work, without any cash outlay. Mr. W. R. Moody writes: "The editing has been carefully done and the collection is fresh without sacrificing any of the grand old hymns of the church." Price, $10.00 per hundred. Write to Geibel & Lehman, 1022 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for particulars.

LIFE-TIME HYMNS

High Class Book for church and social services. All users praise it. Cloth, $30 per 100; 40c by mail. Primary workers, send for **"Song and Study for God's Little Ones."** "Full and sparkling;" 177 pp.; selling everywhere; $20 per 100; postpaid 25c. R. R. McCABE & CO., 166 Clinton, CHICAGO

Mention CURRENT ANECDOTES.

PICTURE LESSONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Euclid Avenue Christian Sunday School, Cleveland, O., have adopted a new and novel way of illustrating the lessons each Sunday, namely, the use of the stereopticon. A fine instrument has been purchased and the school auditorium windows are arranged to close out the light so that the stereopticon may be used. This mode of illustrating has been in use several Sundays and has proved a great success. It is attracting considerable attention as this is probably the first Sunday School to use a stereopticon. It is said that this feature will be productive of teaching the lessons better than blackboard and other models.

The Euclid Avenue Christian Sunday School has increased its membership more than two hundred in less than two months. Sunday School workers are cordially invited to attend this school and witness the use of the stereopticon. The school meets at 9:15 a. m.

HOW TO GET MEN TO THE CHURCH.

1. Be men.

2. Get acquainted with the men to whom you preach. If you do not make all your "pastoral calls" upon the sisters probably they will not suffer much, and their husbands and brothers need you more than they do.

3. Cultivate the habit of looking at all religious questions from the business man's point of view. You can't lift a man to any higher standpoint without first getting a grip on him where he stands.

4. In urging upon men the need and value of making covenant with God, and allying themselves in the struggle of life with the mighty Christ, use the accurate and practical vocabulary of the office, rather than technical or figurative language. Stereotyped ecclesiastical phraseology sounds as obscure and senseless to the average man of business, as the esoteric terms of occultism to us. He who has really thought through the essential conditions, processes and manifestations of a true religious experience will not need to tie himself down to phrases and figures of speech

(Continued on Page 52.)

Partial list of our Devices for Keeping the Treasury full.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

500 Per Cent. Profit Guaranteed

We refund money in case 500% profit is not realized on the investment in our TITHING HELPS

CHRISTIAN FINANCE ASSOCIATION

MAKES **TITHING DEVICES** WHICH

Builds Churches, Raises Church Debts.

Benevolences, Missionary and Special Collections secured by the use of the Tithe or Thank Offering Gleaner, the Tithing Star, Cross, Dollar, etc., etc.

30 CENTS worth of these will be sent to you ... FOR 10c

Use one of them yourself several days, or give one to each member of the smallest class in your Sunday School. The results in a day or two will enable you to buy an outfit of 100, 200 or 300, one for each one in your Church, Sunday School or Young People's Society. Regular Church Finances will be materially increased if you will distribute 50 or 100 **Gleaners** among members and friends who will not pledge any regular amount, or who cannot give regularly. These **Gleaners** contain Scripture quotations on giving and tithing, and will educate the most careless in the grace of Christian giving

Your Tithe Gleaner is the best thing I ever used to collect money. I realized more than $400.00 in less than two months from their use. Yours, R. I. GAINES,
525 Berger St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:—We have raised through the Tithe Gleaners $351.40; Tithing Dollars $266.37.
Very truly yours, W. J. WOOD,
Trenton, N. J.

Gentlemen:—Permit me to say that we found the use of Tithing Devices helped us greatly in the use of same, and especially among our young people. With sincerest regard, I am, faithfully yours,
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.,
Pastor Fourth Presbyterian Church,
New York.

Dear Sirs:—Will you please send me one hundred Tithing Dollars? Send bill and I will remit promptly. The 50 Tithing Dollars I purchased in March brought in just $50.00 in ten days, for Children's Missionary Society.
Fraternally yours. REV. E. V. KING,
Phillipsburg, N. J.

One of $10,000.00. Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct. 29th, 1900.

Dear Sirs:—The church I am now pastor of, I stayed from the auction block. When I took it, it was bankrupt both in faith and finance. Now it flourishes, and debts it once had to repudiate are now being paid at face value. The secret of my success is a system of raising money. The system is your Tithing devices for church help. I have used almost everything you make. Have raised over $10,000.00 where other pastors have failed to make a payment on the church debt for 20 years. Yours cordially,
REV. H. H. HARRIS.

CHRISTIAN FINANCE ASSOCIATION,
Washington and Cortlandt Sts., New York, N. Y.

Please send me further information about your TITHING devices for raising money.

Amount to be raised is $.....
(If Sample Outfit is desired, enclose 10c.)

Name .....

Church.....

Address .....

Prices range from $3.00 to $6.00 per 100 for different devices. Less 20 per cent. discount.

which need an interpreter to explain them. Let it be added that the man who wishes to reach men and move them to will and to do God's good pleasure does not need much of an oratorical tail to his kite. Children may like these things, but the kites which men fly in these modern times have no tails.

5. Illustrate your sermons with incidents from the office and street, rather than from the nursery or the dying bed.

6. Preach a manly ideal of religion. Do not give the young men in your congregation the impression that sentimentality is vital piety or that they must become as nearly like a woman as possible when they are converted. Emphasize repentance instead of tears, duty and righteousness instead of emotionalism, the energies and potencies of life instead of the horror and danger of death.

7. Take as big themes as you can handle. Think out your argument till you sweat and make your hearers sweat sometimes as they try to follow you. That won't hurt them any nor you either.

8. Don't dodge. Whatever issue comes up, meet it squarely. Be absolutely frank and open in the discussion of every question and absolutely fair to your opponent in every argument, and don't think you have proved your case till you have won your jury. A question box is a good thing; it gives a chance for men to talk back—after which you can strengthen your arguments, or, what is an almost equal advantage, prove your downright manliness by acknowledging a mistake, if you have made one. Every man who makes anything worth mentioning does make a mistake occasionally and the farther we can get from appearing to claim that we are near relatives of the Lord or the Pope the better.

9. Vary your themes.

Do not always harp on one string, however good that string may be. You will find that men like an orchestra better than a jewsharp.

10. Be as careful in every statement of fact and every argument as if your whole future depended upon the exact accuracy of your statements. If your men find that they cannot trust your word and judgment in matters with which they are acquainted, it is not very likely that they will take you as a reliabe guide in other departments of faith and knowledge.

On these ten commandments, as I see it, hang the law and the prophecy of a preacher's success in reaching men.—Camden M. Cobern, D. D., in Christian Advocate.

SOME RALLY DAYS I HAVE SEEN AND SOME HINTS THEREFROM.

By Rev. A. H. McKinney, Ph. D., New York, in the Church Economist.

Last autumn it was the writer's privilege to attend and to take part in six Rally Day services, held in different parts of the Empire State. What he saw and learned during these services may prove interesting and profitable to those who have in charge the preparations for the coming Rally Day in their Bible School.

The first rally attended was held on the 14th of September in a city of about thirteen thousand inhabitants. The morning church service was devoted to the thought of Rally Day, the controlling purpose being to interest the members of the congregation in the work of the Bible School and to secure their co-operation therewith. Instead of the regular sermon by the pastor, there was an address by a practical Bible School worker.

In the school session, which was held directly after the church services, the exercises were so arranged that in various ways emphasis was put on the facts that "this is Rally Day" and "you are all to be at the evening meeting because the services are for you."

In the evening was held the special meeting for Rally Day. The auditorium was filled with the members of the school and their friends to take part in the services, for which careful preparation had been made by the intelligent and active superintendent. There were two governing thoughts in the arrangement of the program, which might profitably be followed by those who prepare for Rally Day:

1. Give at least one representative from every department of the school a place on the program.

2. Give the audience an idea of the regular work of the school.

At another Rally one of the special features for the program was a flag drill by members of the Primary department, in the presence of the members of the other departments of the school. Into this exercise the teacher had put much time and labor. The little folks did well, but the big boys and girls did not seem to appreciate their efforts. An exercise that takes much time should not be given.

One superintendent had determined that on Rally Day he would make use only of those things which the members of the school had learned during the past year as their regular supplemental work. Accordingly all the hymns, readings and recitations were thoroughly familiar to the school, the members of which took part in the services with spirit and evident delight. The practical value of this plan is that no time need be taken from the regular service of the school in order to prepare for Rally Day.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS. OCTOBER

Numbers refer to illustrations not page numbers.

Oct. 3, 2 Sam. 6: 1-12—29-58.

Oct. 11, 2 Sam. 7: 4-16—6, 10, 20.

Oct. 18, Ps. 51: 1-17—2, 3, 18, 30, 32.

Oct. 25, Ps. 32—1, 21, 26, 34, 45.

ILLUSTRATIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETINGS—OCTOBER. (Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Etc.)

Numbers refer to illustrations, not page numbers.

Oct. 3, Gen. 12: 1-8—7, 11, 27.

Oct. 11, Gen. 41: 4-16—12, 36, 42, 57.

Oct. 18, Ex. 34: 28-35 Heb. 3: 1-5; Matt. 17: 3-4—9, 23, 39.

Oct. 25, Giving. 2 Cor. 9: 6-11; 8: 23-24—8, 41, 54, 61.